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Fifth Series,
Volume LXIII. }

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXIVIII.

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VENGEANCE.

DEAD like a dog in the street!
And his white face turned to the sky;
Stone dead, my enemy, at my feet,
Who dared to kill him but I?

A month since he stole her from me,
A month like a burning year;
I travelled the land and I travelled the sea,
For revenge, and I find him here,

Silent and sightless, at rest,
Escaped, when I marked him mine own:
The dagger was keen that cleft his breast,
Would God I had driven it home.

Her I can leave to her fate,
She was always light and sweet;
But 'tis bitter to miss the quenching of hate
In the blood of the man at my feet.

Therefore my hate is my life,
I cannot loose its spell,
But when I am dead I shall meet him in strife,
And beat him down in hell.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

WAITING.

THROUGH the long level meadows bright with
gold,

And past the pool below the cliff's red side,
Where stays awhile the softly flowing tide,
I hear the cuckoo's plaintive story told—
Now far, now soft, now near, as, growing bold,
Closer he comes. Then from the moorland
wide

Upsprings the lark, strong in his bride-
groom pride,
To tell the world that love can ne'er grow
cold.

Listen! the south wind cometh from the sea.
Listen! dost hear the springing of the corn?
Dost note how kingcups gild the spreading
lea,

Beneath the sunshine of this perfect morn?
Ah! rest awhile, and wait and watch with me,
For here, mid roses, will fair June be born.

World.

"LAST night sang the nightingales,
Jenny darling, would you know
What they sang?" "I cannot tell,
Leonard, 'tis so long ago.

I have heard so much since then;
Henry, passing by this morn,
Scythe upon his shoulder laid,
Saw me standing in the corn;

Have you heard the larks, he said,
Singing songs from cloud to cloud?
Jenny, they have seen your eyes
Flash, and therefore they are proud.

Then at noon, the thrush was clear,
Joyous as a summer breeze;
John came by, and swore the bird
Had seen me midst the apple-trees.

And he sings, 'twas so he said,
That your cheek is softer far,
Clearer, rosier, sweeter touched
Than the apple-blossoms are.

So, the songs of yesterday
How can I remember, sir?
And besides, last night the birds
Wanted an interpreter!

But this eve, they sing again:
Take me, Leonard, on the wing;
Come to-night, and in the porch
You may tell me what they sing."

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

TO WILLIAM BEETHAM.

December, 1836.

FRIEND of my bosom, I could learn to chide,
And vex with murmurs harsh, the gentle
power

That guards the painter's room—Art's
hallowed bower—

For that she keeps thee tarrying from my side:
But thou art winning honor, and my pride
In thy success, makes light the lagging hour,
Though dark December weeps in sleet and
shower,

And thou, though promised long, art still de-
nied.

Yet prithee come ere winter pass away!—
Come while the tapers gleam—while on
the wall

The firelight dances, and the shadows fall
From many a glimmering bust in quaint array:
Come let us sit till midnight and recall
The fading dreams of many a lapsed day.

GEORGE MORINE.

AMARYLLIS.

SLEEP there beneath the lilies,
Rest there beneath the grass,
Nor know what good nor ill is
Whatever come to pass;
O lovely Amaryllis
That wast so fair, alas!

Now nothing more thou fearest
Beneath the silent sod;
No burden now thou bearest
As when thy feet here trod:
Would I were with thee, dearest,
With thee and thou with God.

CHARLES SAYLE.

English Illustrated Magazine.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE CLOISTER IN CATHAY.

BUDDHISM in China is a curious mixture of decaying rites and popular superstitions. There is probably no country where there are fewer evidences of faith or devotion, or where, on the other hand, an apparently doomed system dies so hard. From the squalid and dilapidated condition of the temples, from the indifference and irreverence with which the worshippers enact their artificial parts, and from the miserable status of the priesthood, it might be inferred that the days of Buddhism were numbered, and that a rival system was driving it from dishonored shrines. Such, however, would be a most superficial view of the case. This mysterious religion, which has survived the varied competition of rationalism, Confucianism, and ceremonialism, and which has an antiquity not far short of two thousand years in China, is yet the favorite creed of a community numbering four hundred millions, and despised and degenerate though it be, it will still lift its head and smile its serene Buddha-smile long after its purer and prouder and more splendid counterpart in Japan has crumbled into the dust.

The explanation of this strange anomaly is that the popular faith has with rare discretion intertwined itself with the popular superstitions. Partly creating and partly accommodating itself to them, Buddhism, involved in the sacred ties of ancestral worship, and claiming to dispense the portions of another life, has wrapped itself in a covering of triple brass, and can afford to laugh at its enemies. It has found the key to the inner being of this inscrutable people, and in secure command of the lock, takes good care that none others shall tamper with the wards. It may safely be contended that, were it not for the uneasy anxieties of the Chinese about their souls, and the universal and cherished cult of the family tree, and for the part played in relation to both by the Buddhist priesthood, Chinese Buddhism would long ere now have languished and disappeared. Dogmas, tenets, ritual, and liturgy in themselves are of small import to the Celestials. The stately ceremonial

of the official creed, the intellectual axioms of Confucius, the painted image-worship of the Buddhist temple, the mysticism of the rationalists, or sect of Laou-tsze, produce little permanent effect upon their stolid imaginations. The beautiful teaching enshrined in the sacred writings as they came from India, the precepts that made white lives and brought tearless deaths, that almost Christianized idolatry, and might have redeemed a world, have long ago died down into frigid calculations, tabulating in opposite columns with mathematical nicety the credit and debit accounts of the orthodox disciple. Thus on the one hand the people are plunged in gloomy dread of a hereafter, determined by the exact laws of moral retribution; on the other, deeply embedded in the springs of their nature is a fanatical attachment to their Lares and Penates, and to the worship of the dead; and hence it comes about that the religion which, whatever its shortcomings and disqualifications, ministers to their requirements in both these respects, is simultaneously derided and advocated, neglected and espoused.

No better illustration of this anomalous state of affairs can be given than the condition and public estimation of the Buddhist priesthood. A stranger will at first be puzzled by the opposite verdicts which he hears passed upon this class of men. He will hear them denounced as contemptible outcasts, as pariahs from society, who have forfeited all the sympathies of humanity by cutting themselves adrift from all human ties. And this is a sentence which to some extent finds its corroboration in their forlorn and decrepit appearance, in their cheerless mode of life, and in their divorce from the haunts and homes of men. On the other hand he will find these despised exiles supported by popular contributions, recruited by voluntary adherents, and engaged in the discharge of essential rites at the most solemn moments of life and death, and in the service to the dead. A grosser seeming contradiction can scarcely be imagined.

And yet it is an identical feeling which is partly responsible for both attitudes, and which prepares for these unhappy creatures this opposite mixture of tolera-

tion and contempt. The peculiar sanctity of the family relations is one cause both of their ostracism and of their employment. They are needed to discharge on behalf of others the very obligations which they have renounced themselves. Expelled from the world because they have ignored the family, they are brought back into it to testify that the family is the first of all earthly ties. Can anything more strange be conceived? It is a creed whose apostates are enlisted as its prophets, and whose perverts become its priests.

When Gautama first instituted the monastic order, like St. Anthony he did not contemplate the creation of a priestly office, or the rise of a hierarchy. The clerical profession had no special connection in his mind with monkish life. The first Buddhist monks, like those of Egypt, were pious men who in pursuit of their master's teaching that worldly and carnal ties were the source of all evil, and the main obstacle to that serene altitude of contemplation by which absorption into the higher life at length became possible, severed themselves from their fellow-creatures, and sought remote and unfriended retreats for purposes of spiritual exercise and self-mortification. They were primarily recluses and secondarily preachers, but in no resort priests. It was only in later times as the first pattern was forgotten, and accretions developed by other countries and circumstances grew up, that the manifold accessories of sacerdotalism, particularly among the peoples of the north, envroned and obscured the original ideal.

The logical carrying out of Buddha's precepts, however, brought the anchorite into early collision with the most idolized beliefs of Chinese life. The essence of monasticism, viz., the repudiation of all earthly connections, the life-long abandonment of father, mother, brothers, and sisters, the surrender of the covenant of wedlock and the hopes of paternity, above all the utter severance of the limb from the ancestral trunk, is the very antipodes of the highest conception of duty that a Chinese can entertain. Hence arose the dishonor in which the monkish order has

long been held, and from which it has only rescued its existence by abandoning its traditions. The monastery has in fact become the very converse of what Buddha ever intended that it should be. The secular has put on the religious, and the monk has saved himself by turning priest.

We have seen how indispensable are his ministrations in the worship of the dead, and in expediting the happy transmigration of the departed soul. There the mummeries of the temple are enlisted to fill up the incomplete credentials of the deceased, and to *viser* his passport, so to speak, to another world. To the more pious or superstitious (there is no distinction between the two classes in China) they are not less obligatory as a policy of spiritual insurance, to be taken out with precautionary object during lifetime. The Chinaman is a firm believer in the doctrine of justification by works; he expects a return in the next life exactly proportionate to the labor and money he has spent or caused to be spent in deserving it in this. Every mumbled prayer, every tap of the drum or clash of the cymbal, by the paid hierophant whom he has engaged, will be rewarded by so much tangible gain in the next stage of existence. Metempsychosis may bring him a worse or a better lot; he may groan in poverty or loll in wealth; he may sink to hell or rise to the acme of paradisaical felicity in a future state. The Buddhist monks are the established mediums through whom his merits may be demonstrated and made known in heaven; and from whose hands he looks to receive his official diploma of celestial promotion.

The isolation of the novice from all the ties and consolations of life may well conflict with Chinese prejudices; for it is ghastly in its completeness. Not only, as has been said, does he renounce all relationships and take vows of celibacy, but he casts aside even the ultimate symbol of identity, his own name. From the hour that he passes the convent threshold, he is known only by a religious appellation, in the very grandiloquence of which there is something pitiful and absurd. Henceforward he must shave his head, eat no animal food, drink no strong drink, and

wear no skin or woollen garment, but only the prescribed vestments of his order. His life is mapped out before him in a sterile and dolorous routine. And not only has he ceased to be a member of domestic society, but as a unit in the civil community he can scarcely be said to exist. For he acknowledges no real allegiance to the emperor, albeit the latter is of the family of the gods; yielding a discretionary obedience to the civil authorities, with whom he rarely comes in contact, but concentrating all capacity for duty in a slavish obedience to the jurisdiction of his abbot or religious superior.

The terrible exclusiveness of this discipline, repellent though it is to Chinese ideas, would not be sufficient to account for the odium in which the monastery is held, were it not for the suspicion that its stringency is a sham, and that the cowl is often either assumed as an escape from justice or worn as a cloak of hypocrisy. It is difficult, for obvious reasons, to discover how far the charge that fugitives from the clutch of the law shelter themselves within the monastery walls is a true one, though it is certain that when once admitted the culprit is safe from the bloodhounds of official retribution. I have even heard it argued, by way of repudiation of this charge, that it is only the most abandoned characters, fleeing from the penalties of a capital offence, who will take advantage of a refuge so discredited as the cloister; though to contend that a society is not criminally recruited because only criminals of the deepest dye can be persuaded to attach themselves to it, does not seem to me a very happy method of exculpation. I am reminded by it of an incident which I came across while travelling in Greece some years ago. The public executioner in that country is a character held in such general detestation that he is forced to live apart, strictly guarded, on a little island in the harbor of Nauplia. And not only that; but such difficulty is experienced in filling the place that the selected candidate is as a rule taken from the criminal class itself—a bandit being pardoned in order that he may be utilized to cut off the heads of other bandits. At the time of my visit

one of these worthies had just completed the term of his office, but whether owing to the unpopularity he had contracted by its discharge, or to the distrust he had inspired by his previous habits of life, he considered himself in so much danger that he solved the problem of his future mode of existence by entering a monastery and assuming the cowl. In China he would presumably have taken this step at an earlier stage in his career.

Whatever be the truth about the Buddhist monasteries in China as cities of refuge, and whether the slur cast upon them by that suspicion be just or not, there is less room for doubt that the pattern of ascetic life to which the monk is understood to aspire, is one to which he most infrequently conforms. His celibacy and his vegetarianism are freely impugned. It is perhaps only natural that the theory that drinking-water and vegetables are teeming with animalculæ or with the germs of animal life, should be one which he indignantly rejects, seeing that were he to accept it he would be hard put to subsist at all, with any regard at least to the precepts of the Buddhist canon. But, alas! he is the victim of more substantial charges. It is whispered that the odor of meat and fish, and the telltale fragrance of the opium-pipe are no strangers to the recluse's cell. With greater certainty he is accused of being dirty, degraded, and ignorant, of subsisting on alms which he does nothing to merit, and of prostituting his worship into a mummery which he does not himself comprehend. If even a fraction of these charges be true there can be small surprise that the monastic profession is held in so little repute among a people who are by no means deficient in their standards of the sober moral virtues.

It may be wondered how a society held in such slight esteem, and offering so few advantages save to the stupid or indolent, can continually replenish its ranks. The means of doing so are, however, many and varied, even if we reject the criminal hypothesis to which I have alluded.* In

* It is scarcely possible to do so, in the face of the evidence of such an authority and eyewitness as Archdeacon Gray, who, in his work on "China," embodying the experience of a long life, says (vol. i., chap. iv.),

some cases the children are bought at an early age from their parents; though so strong is the family feeling in China that it is only under pressure of the direst necessity that the average *paterfamilias* will consent, even for a price, to part with his offspring, particularly of the male sex. Sometimes the young children are kidnapped and sold to the priests; this profession being, however, a dangerous one, as if detected it is punishable by death. More commonly young lads are voluntarily dedicated by their parents in fulfilment of some vow, or for the sake of spiritual gain, the transfer being effected with all the formalities of a mercantile transaction. It is forbidden, however, by law to surrender the entire male stock of a family to the cloister; and in the event of there being two sons, the younger only may be sacrificed. A second class of adherents will be those who, from satiety of the world, or pecuniary collapse, or official failure, or material disappointment in some form or other, have decided to abandon the thorny paths of life, and to seek a safe retreat from its multitudinous cares. Lastly, there will be some, even in China and in the nineteenth century, to whom a life of joyless penance and austerity will appeal with irresistible force, as an expiation for the sins of the flesh, and a plank of passage into the world to come—sad, sorrowful wretches, after the pattern of St. Simeon, who live apart in isolated cells, performing acts of cruel self-torture, and mumbling in solitude the accents of an unintelligible ritual.

Their means of subsistence are as varied as the ranks from which their disciples are drawn. The large monasteries possess endowments of property, principally in land, from which they derive an income, either in rent or in the profits of the cultivation of their own hands. Voluntary donations are also made to their funds by those who, while despising the monastery, cannot dispense with the services of the monk. The sale of joss-sticks and incense, of gilt paper and tapers, and the fees for services, ceremonies, and prayers,

that he himself saw at different times in Buddhist monasteries an escaped murderer, a brothel-house keeper, and a condemned rebel, who had been gratefully admitted because he possessed a little money, which went to swell the corporate funds. Compare also what Sir Emerson Tennent says of the practice in Burmah (*vide* his book on "Ceylon," vol. i., part iii., chap. iv., note 10 p. 350): "In Burmah, so common is it to assume the yellow robe, that the popular expedient for effecting a divorce is for the parties to make a profession of the priesthood, the ceremonial of which is sufficient to dissolve the marriage vow, and after an interval of a few months they can throw off the yellow robe, and are then at liberty to marry again."

are also a considerable source of emolument. And when all these fail, there is always begging to fall back upon, the ultimate resort of all creeds in all ages. The Buddhist priests are no amateurs in the art of mendicancy. Sometimes large bands of them may be seen patrolling the streets, and by the discordant clamor of a gong calling attention to the unmistakable character of the errand which has brought them down into the thoroughfares of men. By these different methods they manage to scrape along; their buildings and temples just saved from dilapidation; their persons and costumes in the last stage of seediness and decay; at once the saviours and the outcasts of society, its courted and its abhorred.

During the course of a recent journey down the coasts of China I had the opportunity of visiting one of the chief Buddhist monasteries in the southern portion of the empire. This was the famous monastery of Kushan or the Drum Mountain; that striking wooded elevation that towers above the waters of the majestic Min, just below the populous city of Foochow. As this monastery is typical of the higher class of these institutions still existing in China, and illustrates significantly many of the observations which I have made above; as moreover the trip is one of exceeding beauty, and the inner life of the convent, even as observed by a stranger, presents several features of interest and peculiarity, I make no apology for offering a detailed account of what I saw.

The locality of Foochow is perhaps best expressed to an English reader by saying that it is situated about half-way between Shanghai and Hongkong. It is the capital of the province of Fukien, and is one of the ports that were opened to European commerce by the treaty of 1842. Like most of the big Chinese emporiums, it is placed not upon the seacoast, but at a distance of some miles from the mouth of a noble and easily navigable river. Of such a character is the Min; bringing down to Foochow the immense resources of a prolific interior, and transporting them from thence to the ocean through thirty miles of hill, and wood, and water scenery as fine as can anywhere be seen. At a bend in the stream about twenty miles from the mouth, the big steamers, coming up from the sea, drop anchor; their cargoes being floated down to meet them in lighters, and barges, and junks. Any one passing up or down the intervening stretch of ten miles between the anchorage and the city, will skirt on the left bank of

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the river a ridge of hills even loftier and more striking than those that command the ocean entrance farther down, and that have caused that natural gateway to be compared to the castellated banks of the Rhine. The apex of this ridge, which is nearly three thousand feet high, and which can be seen for many miles away at sea, is known as Kushan, or the Drum Mountain; and the traveller may step from his boat at the base to make the ascent to the celebrated monastery.

The Min is a river of many wanderings, and the flat lands on either side of the main channel are a network of creeks and ditches, some natural and some artificial. These afford the most obvious advantages to spade husbandry, which has accordingly utilized every available rood of ground for paddy-fields. The rice harvest was being gathered in as we passed over the low-lying ground between the river and the hill, and the short stubble projected everywhere in trim diagrams above the saturated soil. In the open fields we saw what is probably the most primitive mode of threshing now in existence, viz., the simple beating of a handful of rice-stalks against the inner side of a large wooden bin, into the bottom of which tumbled the dislodged grains. A miserable village, the like of which for sheer squalor I had not seen since the mud hovels that fringe the banks of the Nile, sheltered the poor folk who live upon the produce of the land. Blind walls of wattled clay, narrow, filth-encumbered alleys, wizened old bel-dames, naked urchins, barking mangey dogs, and a general atmosphere of flies and smells, made up the due complement of rural life, as it may be seen in a hundred places all over the East. A little beyond the village began the ascent of the mountain, which is easily compassed by a broad granite stairway of some six feet in width, the slope of the steps being so easy and the surface of the granite so smooth from long friction that it is difficult for a booted sole to keep its footing. The natives with their naked feet dash up and down at a great pace. This fine staircase continues to wind up the mountain-side, affording many a backward peep through the pine stems over the watery plain, as far as the elongated brown blur which marks the straggling outline of Foochow. You pass under three spacious rest-houses, considerably erected by the monks, and are struck by the bold inscriptions in Chinese characters, sculpted on the face of the big stones and boulders which fringe the path. Here will be the name and address

of a devout pilgrim (John Chinaman is at one in this taste with John Bull), a second inscription will contain some eulogium on the scenery, a third may be a quotation from the Sutras or Buddhist Scriptures.

At length, after about an hour's climb, you turn a corner, and in a charming valley, snugly ensconced between two shoulders of the mountain, at a height of fifteen hundred feet, you espy the conventual buildings. I have been struck in many parts of the world with the cleverness in selecting sites shown by the monastic fraternity. Banish them to a mountain or a desert, and in its heart they will discover, or, failing that, they will manufacture, some secluded nook or oasis. Their aim is a combination of asceticism with material comforts, a discreet reconciliation of the asperities of penance with the amenities of civilized existence; objects, by the way (as regards the choice of sites), which do not seem to have been lost sight of by their later rivals among the Christian missions of China and Japan. Just the same reflection presents itself in the case of the pleasant Greek monastery amid the flowers and shrubs of Mount Tabor, in that of the Benedictine monastery on the pyramidal cones of Monserrat, near Barcelona—a situation singularly analogous to that of Kushan—and even of the more exposed and desolate Coptic domiciles upon the arid cliffs of the Nile.

Of course, so rationalistic and profane an explanation is in direct conflict with the assurances of local legend. From this source we learn that the site of the present monastery was once infested by poisonous dragons and snakes, which spread havoc, pestilence, and destruction far over the country-side. At length a distinguished sage named Ling Chian was imported to put a stop to these proceedings, much as a bishop of the Church of England is nowadays invited to a haunted house to exorcise the ghost. He came, recited a treatise of portentous length, and conquered. The serpent, unaccustomed to this severe discipline, and tired out before the divine reached the end of his sermon, beat a prudent retreat; and a grateful emperor commemorated the joyful event by the erection of a monastery on the spot. This was in the year 784 A.D.; and the present building is the lineal descendant of others that have stood in the same place, and have at different times been pulled down or destroyed.

The first object after entering the gateway is a rest-house upon the right, which overlooks the sluggish waters of a big

tank. The meaning of this pool is not at first obvious, but the appearance of a dirty-looking monk with a plate of biscuit, who grimaces and murmurs "Chin-chin," acquaints you with the fact that you are surveying the abode of the sacred fish, and are expected to minister to their pampered appetites.

Judging from the prodigious size of these creatures, the majority of pilgrims must accede to the appeal. They are fat, evil-looking carp, which at the first sign of an adventitious repast crowd together, poking their ugly snouts out of the water, and sucking in the air with gluttonous expectancy. They are kept there in pursuance of the maxim of Buddha that each man shall do what in him lies to prevent the destruction of a single living creature, a precept which seems in this case to be extended to the duty of promoting an unnatural overgrowth. I must confess, so iconoclastic a rage did the sight of these monsters breed in me, that I should like to have turned loose among them for a few moments one of the famous cormorant-men of Foochow. I may mention this custom in passing, because it is peculiar to this, among a few other places, and I did not see it elsewhere myself. You will observe a man propelling a light bamboo raft in the middle of the river, and apparently taking as passengers with him three or four well-to-do-looking cormorants, which stand majestically perched upon the edge. Presently he pushes one of them off into the water, and when it rises to the surface with a fish in its bill he prevents the bird from swallowing its prey by pulling a cord attached to a ring round its gullet, at the same time that he deftly envelops both bird and fish in a net, and draws them into the raft. Sometimes the birds are so well trained that the line is unnecessary, and they return with their capture of their own accord. It is an admirably organized piece of slave labor.

From the sacred tank we passed by an inclined granite ramp to the main gateway of the temple. The principal Buddhist temples in China consist of three buildings, ranged one behind the other on terraces, and approached by a series of paved courts and rows of granite steps. There is something solemn and imposing in this succession of buildings, each one properly exceeding its predecessor in magnificence, and leading on the imagination from what it has already seen to what is yet to come. It is an architectural device that we know was familiar to the Jews and Egyptians, and that appears to be common to all

Oriental religions. It is nowhere employed with greater effect than in the splendid Buddhist sanctuaries and royal mausoleums of Japan.

The entrance gateway at Kushan, which is of the nature of an open temple, contains a colossal gilt idol in the centre, representing Maitreya Buddha (in Chinese Mili Fo) or Buddha To-Come; and on either side the four diabolical-looking monsters, with painted faces and flaming eyeballs, who represent the deified warriors appointed to keep guard over the shrines of Buddha, and who symbolize an absolute command over all the forces of earth and heaven. They are identical with the maharajahs, or great kings, of Hindu mythology, who, attended by a host of spiritual beings, march hither and thither to the protection of devout disciples and the execution of Buddha's will over the four quarters of the universe. In China they are known as the Tien Wong. One of them, with a white face, holds an umbrella, the circumference of which, when opened, overshadows the whole earth, and is lord of the forces of thunder and rain. Another, with a red face, controls the elements of fire, water, and air, and plays a species of stringed instrument, the vibrations of whose chords shake the foundations of the world. The third, with a green face, brandishing a sword, and the fourth, with a blue face clasping a serpent, are typical of supreme dominion over nature and man. In these figures, which are common throughout China, and are uniform in design and monstrosity, the artist has combined the hideous and the grotesque in very equal proportions. But little skill seems ever to have been expended upon their construction.

This gateway leads into a spacious paved court with a little pool in the centre, crossed by a miniature balustraded stone bridge. A raised terrace runs right round, opening into a series of crumbling shrines, many of which are empty, though a few contain tarnished Buddhas seated behind smouldering altar-fires. At the upper end the terrace debouches on to a broad platform, from which rises the fabric of the main temple. The exterior appearance of this building does not differ from that of the ordinary Chinese temple. A huge high-pitched tile roof almost eclipses the front and side walls, which are destitute of ornamentation. The doors across the principal entrance were drawn close; but the hum of voices behind the panels revealed the fact that vespers had already begun. We went in.

* So China with two first patriars

Services are held twice a day in the Kushan monastery — in the early morning before day breaks, and at 4.30 in the afternoon, and they last for about one hour. All the monks in residence are required to attend. The fact that there were only fifty present on this occasion out of a total of some hundred and fifty may have been due to the absence of a large number on a tour of mendicancy such as I have described, or to the custom which prevails among these Buddhist communities of making pilgrimages to each other; any monk furnished with a diploma signed by his own abbot being entitled to free admission into any other monastery in the empire and to three days' board and lodging without payment.

The temple did not appear to differ from scores of others which one may see in China. It consists of a big parallel-ogram divided by circular painted columns into three main and two side aisles. Fronting the three principal avenues are the three familiar figures about twenty feet high, called the Sang Po, or Precious Ones, which are always found in the churches of Buddhist monasteries, and which are incarnations respectively of the past, the present, and the future Buddha; or, to give them their correct titles, of Sakya-muni, Kwanyin, and Maitreya.* These idols are made of clay, thickly gilt, and highly burnished. Their faces wear that expression of ineffable self-complacency, which is common to the Buddha all over the East, but which, while in Japan it is always sublime, in China is apt to overslip the razor's edge into the ridiculous. The bodies are seated, and rise from the calix of a lotus-flower. Below the images are altars laden with weighty bronzes, with big candelabra, and with censers, a thin smoke curling upwards from the slow combustion of blocks of sandalwood, or from sheaves of smouldering joss-sticks standing in a vase. On either side of the lateral aisles are ranged along a recess in the wall the smaller gilt figures of the eighteen *Johan*, or disciples of Buddha, whose features exaggerate the silliness, while they altogether miss the serenity depicted in the countenance of their illustrious master. The prevailing colors in the surface decorations of the columns and rafters, which are rudely painted, are red and green.

* Sometimes in the main hall of Buddhist temples in China this trinity represents Sakya-muni in the centre, with two of his most famous disciples, Kashiapa, the first patriarch, on one side, and Ananda, the second patriarch, on the other.

The ceiling is more elaborately decorated in panels, the design and execution of which reminded me wonderfully of the roof of the Norman nave of Peterborough Cathedral. There was nothing else in the decoration to merit comparison with any good models either in or out of China.

Evensong was proceeding as we entered the church. The aisles were laid out with rows of long, low, sloping stools, upon which at intervals rested circular straw hassocks. Behind fifty of these — the remainder being unoccupied — stood the monks intoning the words of the prescribed liturgy. The service was led by one of their number, who officiated at an isolated mat before the great altar. Their dresses were cut after one pattern, and were dingy in the extreme, consisting of loose cotton robes of two colors — yellow and an ashen-grey — with turned-down collars, and a clasp in front. No monk is allowed, according to the strict regulation of the canon, to possess more than one set of garments, and this he is compelled to wear both day and night. Their heads were clean-shaven, a ceremonial which is performed about twice a month. Here and there on the bald craniums one might note small disc-like cicatrices, or scars, burnt in by the hand of the abbot alone, as a badge of their sacred calling, or in fulfilment of some particular vow. Their hands were piously folded in front of them, and the nails had been suffered to grow to an inordinate length. The expression of their faces was one of blank and idiotic absorption. One or two barely raised their eyes to notice the entrance of the strangers; the most part with bent heads continued their monotonous and droning murmur.

I have called the expression of their features idiotic; and indeed it is not surprising, considering that of the words which they daily intone scarcely one syllable do they themselves understand. The mass-book is a dead letter to them, for it is written in Sanskrit or Pali, which they can no more decipher than fly. The words that they chant are merely the equivalent in sound of the original sentences, rendered into Chinese characters, and are therefore totally devoid of sense. To this stale shibboleth, or ignorant repetition of unmeaning sounds, they attribute a vital importance. It is, they point out, the sacred language of Fan (the birthplace of Buddha), and is therefore of divine origin and efficacy. The "blessed word Mesopotamia" was not more fraught with consolation to the incurious Christian than

is this stupid jargon to the Chinese bonze. Or let me give a more practical illustration. The case would be a similar one if the responses in an English Church were to be uttered in the Greek tongue, transcribed into English spelling, and gabbled out by illiterate rustics; an absurdity of which, as a matter of fact, our chant-books are not altogether guiltless, seeing that the responses to the commandments in the communion service are always described in their pages as Kyrie Eleison, a phrase which must be gibberish to nine out of every ten choristers who read it. The effect upon a service so conducted, and still more upon the ministrants, is obvious. No sincerity can be expected of a purely phonetic devotion. It is *vox et præterea nihil*.

And yet we must not be too severe upon these benighted disciples of Buddha in the uplands of the Celestial Empire. Other churches and other creeds have been guilty of the same pretence, and have found a saving virtue in the use of an unknown tongue. Jew and Gentile, Christian and heretic, Catholic and Moslem, have all acted upon the principle that the more restricted the understanding the more implicit the acceptance, and have imparted the secrets of salvation in accents that kept them secrets still, to be interpreted not by the ear of sense, but by that of faith. To this day how many of the singers in the choir of a Catholic church understand even a fraction of the Latin litany which they intone?

The murmur of the chant was accompanied by intermittent music from such instruments as the Oriental loves. An acolyte from time to time struck a drum, the framework of which was of wood, carved and painted to represent a huge pot-bellied fish. Another tinkled a bell in the background; and now and then broke in the dissonant clangor of a gong.

After a while a fresh note was struck; and at the signal the priests separated into two companies, and proceeded for the space of some twenty minutes to wind in and out of the lines of stools in a slow and solemn procession. Backwards and forwards, in and out, with measured tread and even steps they paced along, their hands clasped, their heads bowed, their lips still murmuring the same unintelligible refrain, in which might be distinguished the sounds *Omīto Fo* (Amitabha Buddha), the repetition of which many thousands of times is pregnant with salvation. The leader of the company which marched along before the spot where I

was standing, was an old gentleman, presumably the *tae hoshang*, or abbot. His physiognomy was one of striking peculiarity; a retreating forehead, features that expressed only a sort of vacant and chaotic negation; a mouth tightly shut and imperturbable in its fixity; a lower lip projecting the best part of an inch, and bespeaking self-sufficiency, reserve, and scorn. He carried a rosary of beads in his fingers, the mystic number of one hundred and eight that were strung upon it indicating the one hundred and eight divisions of the sacred footprint of Buddha; and as he passed along he told off one after the other with the regularity of a machine.

What with the rosary, the procession, the incense, the images, nay, the very vestments, and cowls, and tonsures of the monks, one was irresistibly reminded of the Romanist ritual of Europe. But a slight change was needed in the *mise en scène*, and the service might have been enacted many a thousand miles nearer home. Nor is the coincidence a merely superficial one. The very character and *raison d'être* of the Buddhist priesthood, their hierarchy of many grades (particularly in Thibet), their vows of celibacy and diet, their monastic life, their fast days and feast days, their masses and litanies for the living, their requiems for the dead, betray a fundamental analogy which is not lightly to be attributed to chance, but which is one among many indications of that common basis to both the forms and the dogmas of all the higher religions, which is especially forced upon the conviction by a study of the systems of the East. So strong indeed is the resemblance between the Buddhist and the Romanist form of worship in these and in further particulars which I cannot now describe, that the friends and the foes of the latter have been sorely puzzled how to account for its origin. The former, with specious disregard for historical data, have suggested that the Buddhists copied from the Catholics, who are known to have entered China as early as the twelfth century. On the other hand, some audacious pagans have been found to assert that the obligation was the other way about. The Catholic fathers themselves, when first they came to China, were so much perplexed at the resemblance that they could only attribute it to the machinations of the devil, who had been beforehand with them in spreading a spurious imitation to the cruel detriment and scandal of the true faith.

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Leaving the monks at their peripatetic devotion, we stepped outside and investigated the remainder of the premises. The third temple, standing on another terrace at the upper end of a second paved quadrangle, was under repair, and we could not enter. In cognate Buddhist institutions, and in the great monastery of Honam, in Canton, it contains a marble daghoba, or sculptured reliquary, with altars and shrines. Somewhere in one of these temples at Kushan, probably here, is concealed a peculiarly sacred object, which is no less than one of the teeth of Buddha. Judging from the trophies of this description which he left behind him, the saint must have been a great patron of dentistry in his time. A Chinese geographer visiting Ceylon, and somewhat staggered by the number of these relics which he was everywhere shown, solemnly remarked of the prophet, "He was born with an excessive number of teeth."

We next turned our attention to the domestic premises, which are congregated in the rear and at the sides of the temples. Here we saw the kitchen, in which a vast mess of rice was being boiled in an earthenware vat for the evening meal; the refectory, where on hard tables and harder benches it would be consumed in silence under the supervision of the abbot; the guest-chambers, reserved for the not too enervating entertainment of guests; and the sleeping apartments beyond these, which could not, save by a euphemism, be so leniently described. All these buildings were in a state of great shabbiness and decay, and the interior economy was not such as to render one envious of the domestic regimen of Kushan.

On one side, approached by a corridor, is an open pen, in which are kept the sacred animals which divide the monopoly of the good things of life at Kushan with the fat carp in the tank. It contained a number of pigs, ducks, geese, and fowls, which presented a comfortable appearance, and might have taught a lesson in point of condition and sprightliness to their seedy custodians. Some of these animals are kept by the monastery in obedience to the precept which I have previously quoted; others have been placed here by pious persons in fulfilment of a vow, and in such cases are sustained by the periodical contributions of their donors, paid either in cash or in grain. Upon the death of the creature a formal notification is sent to the patron, and the obsequies are decently performed. Should a fowl when in confinement commit the indiscretion of

laying an egg, a compromise between the inconvenient perpetuation and the prohibited destruction of the species is arrived at by burying the cause of offence in the ground.

The bodies of the monks themselves are burned and not buried after death. Contrary to the custom in Japan, where cremation is universal among the common people, in China it is only the prerogative or the peculiarity of the religious order. Each monastery contains its *crematorium*, and its *campo santo*, where are deposited the ashes of the dead. The body is placed in a sitting position in an open plank coffin, and is carried out to the furnace, which is of the simplest description, consisting merely of a small brick chamber or tower, standing by itself in a detached situation. There the corpse is placed upon the ground, surrounded and supported by fagots; the attendant monks intone a chant; and the mortal remains of their departed brother are speedily reduced to ashes, while the smoke from the pyre escapes through a single orifice in the roof. At Honam some little urchins very considerably, but with no great reverence, went through a mimicry of the entire performance for my edification, their gestures exactly corresponding with what I had elsewhere heard and read of the ceremony.

Those who mount to the monastery at Kushan and make at all a minute inspection of its interior are usually too lazy to continue their climb to the summit of the mountain. The height to be surmounted is nearly as much again, and is besides much steeper and stonier of ascent; there being no staircase provided for the wayfarer, who has now ceased to be a pilgrim and become a mere pedestrian. Nevertheless it is an element of the excursion which no one should omit, the view from the summit, which is just short of three thousand feet, being one of exceeding amplitude and magnificence. Under the guidance of an athletic monk I made the ascent with as much speed as possible, having lingered so long, first at the service, and then about the conventual precincts, that the sun was already declining behind the amphitheatre of hills as we started through the cultivated plots that provide occupation and lawful sustenance to the holy brethren, and pushed our way up the steep face of the hill. At about eight hundred feet above the monastery the track passes out of the belt of pine-wood which has hitherto clothed the mountain, and the upper parts are rocky, tree-

less, and covered with a coarse grass. When I stood upon the highest point the sun had only so recently sunk that the embers of the dying flame were still aglow in the west, but already the moon, nearly at the full, was riding high in the opposite sky.

The outlook was a wild and weird one; embracing many a mile of tumbled landscape from the indented and island-strewn line of the coast to the distant barriers of the Tiger Mountains. A hundred peaks of different shapes and heights framed the horizon landwards. Between the two ranges of mountains, that fronting the sea and that towards the interior, the valley of the Min was spread out in a misty expanse of gleaming, watery flats. The great coils of the river wound round the plain and distributed themselves over its surface in streamlets and creeks and feeders, till it looked from above as though the veins and arteries of some gigantic organism had been stripped and laid bare. Southward the big vessels riding at the anchorage ten miles away resembled toy ships on a river of silk. To the north, where lay the city, the lights of the European residences twinkled on the island of Nantai; a mist of fireflies seemed to hover where the lanterns flickered on the mastheads of a thousand junks; and the forty piers of the Bridge of the Ten Thousand Ages were successive spots of blackness upon the frosted mirror of the stream. Not a sound could be heard from the great city; but the faint resonance of a monastic bell lower down the slope interposed its reminder that it was time to be making the descent of Kushan.

GEORGE N. CURZON.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE EAVESDROPPER.

AN UNPARALLELED EXPERIENCE.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

A DOMESTIC IDYLL.

UPON the whole, everything had gone well for the amusement I had promised myself, not indeed of "seeing ourselves as others see us" (for nobody *could* see me), but of hearing myself spoken of as others heard. The two doctors, it was true, had hardly spoken of me at all, confound them; but my personal friends would of course express themselves on

that interesting subject with candor and *abandon*. What fun it would be! What a touchstone it would afford of the genuineness of their regard, of which, however, I had no reason to entertain a doubt. Upon looking back on a long and well-spent life, I had really nothing, to speak of, to be ashamed of. (There were things here and there, it is true, but as I have just observed, *not* things to speak of.) I was become a sort of Asmodeus, though of course I could not take the roofs of people's houses off, which would, moreover, have been an invasion of the sanctities of domestic life. I was not, I flattered myself, a person to abuse my position as he did. My friends could trust me, though the usual addition, "as far as they could see me," was in my case superfluous.

I say everything had gone well for my little scheme, for the nurse had been warned not to put herself in a state of anxiety about any disappearances on my part, and could comfort herself with the conviction that I should presently turn up somewhere, though it might be in a very unexpected place. She had had, however, enough, poor thing, as I reflected with my usual consideration, of hide-and-seek for that day, and moreover I was rather exhausted. Light as I was, I had had to hop about with a great deal of agility, and after nine weeks of illness (including moreover some wandering) I was a little tired with my exertions. However, Mr. Scratchwig would have been right *now* in saying "You are better, sir," for the doctors' visit had (as indeed it ought to have done at six pounds six) done me a great deal of good. It had given me tone, a thing very highly valued by all educated persons, or at all events by all persons in the educational line of business. A healthy glow, with a little moisture in it, suffused me. As for those ten days Mr. Scratchwig had given me, I, so to speak, threw the gift in his face, like a too cheap present. I felt I was going to be a blessing to mankind for a protracted period.

My mind was full of kindly thoughts. I even wondered how Cousin Dick and the rest of them were getting on, and forgave (or at least forgot) his desperate though futile attempt to deprive me of Uncle Theodore's legacy. He was living in some unfashionable part of town, doubtless a prey to remorse.

Then my mind reverted to Angelina Spiffkins, a ridiculous name, which I had generously entertained the notion of changing for her. Old Spiffkins—dear me, why did I say old? Like most convales-

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cents, I had obviously thought myself better than I really was, or I should never have used such an adjective. My brain was not in its normal state. Old Spiffkins was no older than myself, and perhaps even a little younger. He had called and left his card at the beginning of my illness, "with kind inquiries from self and daughter." It was rather a commercial phrase, no doubt, but then he *was* commercial. A great traveller, though he didn't belong to the Travellers' Club. People had warned me against marrying beneath me. Pooh, pooh! Angelina was very young, and still growing. Take fifteen from fifty-five, and what remains? The difference was not worth thinking about.

What did the divine Shakespeare, to whom I had just become indebted for the great secret, say about that?

"Let still the woman take an elder than herself." He doesn't say how much, but presumably the elder the better. (He had tried the other way himself, as we know, and found it a complete failure.) If merely to have a husband to love is a satisfaction to a young person, to be able to look up to him as a father (or even a grandfather), also, must be her ideal indeed. There was, it was true, some young man in the War Office—the nearest approach to the military she could get—on whom Angelina was supposed to be sweet, and who on one occasion had been exceedingly rude to me; but I would not think of him now. I would only think of Angelina by herself—or with myself.

Then there were my friends at the club—Rawlings, Dashwood, Seymour, and the rest; how amusing it would be to be with them, as it were, and yet not of them. How often we write to friends in foreign parts (to whom one never knows what to say, they are so completely "out of it"), "I am always with you in the spirit." Well, now this was really going to happen. We four generally used to lunch together at the club, and I made up my mind to make one of the party, to-morrow.

Accordingly, as soon as I had had my beef tea and so on, next morning, I felt pretty fit, and said to the nurse, "If you'll leave me alone till I ring the bell, I think I could get a nice long sleep."

She shook her head and murmured something about "once bit, twice shy."

"No, nurse," I said (for I hate hypocrisy), "*you're* not shy. (Nor, I believe—not to speak of twice—had she ever been.) You needn't be nervous about me, or, if you are, you can just take a little

stimulant. Doctor's orders, you know, and you do sometimes, don't you? Let me have my way and you have yours, and let us say nothing about either of them to anybody. Come, be off."

I was sorry to have to speak in such a menacing manner to a female, but it was absolutely necessary, because I was going to get up.

She trotted off like a lamb, taking her sherry with her. I took a dose of my magic mixture, dressed myself, put a lump of sugar in my pocket, for emergencies, and shimmered down-stairs. As I stopped in the hall for my hat and umbrella, I heard voices in the study. Was it possible more doctors had come? The door was ajar, and I pushed it open and slipped in. In my favorite chair was sitting my confidential servant Welsford (the most respectable *looking* man I ever saw), and on the footstool beside him sat the housemaid. With one hand he held my morning paper, which he was reading aloud to her, and with the other he "toyed with the tangles of Jemima's hair." They were engaged, I knew, but I had never seen them so particularly so. It was quite an idyll—and they would probably have justified it, on the ground that during their master's illness they had nothing else to do. Still they should not have done it in the study.

"This I think, Jemima my own," he was just saying, "will suit us to a T." Then he read out of the paper, in a voice broken with emotion, or other causes, "*Pretty Village Public, with Fly business attached; genuine home; neat garden, piggeries, stabling; sound living; spirits free; sacrifice through domestic affairs. Only 100l. cash down. Same hands thirteen years. Rare chance. Apply early.*"

"What do you think of that, eh, my darling?"

"It sounds beautiful, Thomas, especially the 'genuine home.' But I don't understand it quite all. What do they mean by 'sound living'?"

What indeed? If Thomas could explain that to her—and me—I made up my mind to forgive him everything.

"Well, a sound living, Jemima my own," he answered, "is of course a sound living; they could not say a living sound, you know, that would be nonsense. Here it is again, in another publican's advertisement, and here again."

"But what does it *mean*, Thomas?"

She was resolute as well as importunate. The poor man knew, as well as I did, that to confess his ignorance would be fatal to

his future prospects. She would no longer look up to him as she was certainly doing now. She would say to herself, "What's the use of askin' Thomas anythink?" The perspiration stood upon his manly brow.

"It's a term used in the trade, my darlin'," he answered desperately. "When you're a landlady — and a very pretty one you'll make — you will know all about it. But I can't tell you till we're married. It wouldn't be proper."

"Lawk a mercy!" said Jemima.

He had accomplished his object; it was impossible that she could question him on that point any further; but the effort had been almost beyond his powers. I felt that it would have been quite beyond mine, and forgave him everything.

"Then there's 'spirits free,'" she continued; "what does that mean? It does not mean, surely, that you will get your gin and brandy for nothing, *as you do now?*"

I didn't like those last words, which her tone seemed to put in italics, at all. What *did* she mean? I wondered.

"No, no, lovey. 'Spirits free' means — well, the spirits in such an eligible public cannot of course help being free. It is 'the Fly business attached' that does it. Then think of the 'piggeries and the stabling,' he went on hurriedly, 'and the sacrifice through domestic affairs;' why that neat garden must be a perfect Heden, and oh! how 'appy me and my Heve will be in it! Won't us?"

Here ensued a love passage, not inappropriate as an illustration to those 'spirits free' Mr. Welsford had so poetically explained.

"'Same hands thirteen years?'" continued the persevering Jemima. "Why in the name of goodness should they expect otherwise? There's nothing to boast about in that! Why, I've had the same hands for thir — I mean for nearly five-and-twenty years."

"No, no, Jemima. What they mean is that the country air about that inn is so clean and bright that there is not a speck of dirt about it. 'Same hands for thirteen years' means that they have never had to wash their hands during all that time."

"Nasty creatures; they ought to have washed 'em, whether they wanted it or whether they didn't," exclaimed Jemima with just indignation.

He would fain have assuaged it as before, but at present she was evidently less bent upon blandishments than business.

"Then there's the '100% cash down,'

Thomas, which I fear will prove the greatest puzzle of all to us."

"Well, you see, we've got a little money of our own, Jemima dear."

"I have got a little money of *my own*," was the dry rejoinder; "you lost yours over the last Derby."

The reminder made the respectable Welsford's mouth twitch as though it were bridled with bit and curb, and he had been suddenly pulled up.

"But it will be all the same *then*, my dearest darlin'," he murmured persuasively.

"All the same *when*? A hundred years hence, of course it will, if that's what you mean. I don't understand you."

"But surely, dear, when we're wedded — 'With all my worldly goods' — no, I don't mean that exactly, but what is mine will then be yours, and what is yours will be mine. It's in the service."

"Then we'll be wedded at the register," was the calm reply. My admiration for Jemima, with her good sense and unswerving resolution (notwithstanding her shaky position on the footstool) exceeded even that I entertained for her beloved object. If she had told him she meant to take advantage of the Married Woman's Property Act I should not have been the least surprised. What an insight had my marvellous gift afforded me into the growing intelligence of the lower orders! What a master of fence (in dialectics) had the man proved himself to be! what a miracle of prudence the maid!

"Well, as it happens, it doesn't signify, Jemima my own," he continued after a longish pause. "I might as well let you into a little secret, which I had intended to be a pleasant surprise to you; but since all will then be bliss you will never miss it. Master is going to provide for me."

Here was news indeed. I listened with as great curiosity as Jemima herself for what was coming.

"Master is not half a bad fellow notwithstanding what people say, and now that he is growing near his end he's softening."

"That's what I heard the cook telling her policeman," observed Jemima. "I can't abide the woman, and wouldn't demean myself by asking questions of her, but I understood her to say as his brain was going."

"Pooh, pooh, not a bit of it. Don't you believe a word about his being queer in his mind. It's only his heart as is softening. 'Welsford,' he says the other day, when I went up to ask after him, 'I'm not

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long for this wor' l, and I shall be 'appier, in leaving it, to teel as you are provided for. Wills are chancey things which people are sometimes wicked enough to disturb."

"He was thinking of how he got his own money, I suppose," remarked Jemima simply; "I have heard cook say that it was touch and go with him because he inherited something from his uncle besides the property."

How people talk even below stairs! The idea of Cousin Dick's abominable contention having permeated even to my own kitchen! Good Welsford, however, at once took up the cudgels for me.

"Never you mind so long as it wasn't 'go,' Jemima, and I do beg that you will put away from your mind, for both our sakes, the notion of master having anything the matter with his. 'Wills are chancey things,' said he, 'so when I am gone I authorize you to take out of my desk five twenty-pound notes you'll find there.'"

They *were* there, though I didn't know he knew it; to that limited extent he was telling the truth.

"You've been a good and faithful servant, Welsford," he says, "and you're going to marry a good girl as will be a credit to you. What with her money and yours you'll be able to take a nice little public-house together, and live happily ever afterwards." And then, as if overcome with a picture that could never be realized in his own case, poor old bloke, he wept."

"Lawk a mercy!" exclaimed Jemima. "Then he's a good sort after all."

This reflection so inclined this young person to tenderness and affection that I felt it would be treason to the best instincts of our nature to remain a witness to their exhibition. Moreover, if I was to meet my friends at the club there was now little time to lose. In the hall, however, I was attracted by strange sounds coming up the kitchen stairs, something like the chirruping of birds. There was also a man's voice, though speaking in muffled tones. Was it possible at so early an hour that thieves—but here I caught sight of a blue uniform. It was not thieves, but quite the contrary; it was cook's policeman. I could now leave the house with confidence, and, to judge by what I had heard from Jemima and Welsford, with the comforting reflection that the improvidence of the lower classes had been very much exaggerated.

CHAPTER II.

TRAVELLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THERE is nothing easier, one would say, than for a gentleman who has money in his pocket to go from Bayswater to Pall Mall any summer day on wheels, but then no one has tried it, except myself, who has been invisible. I might *call* a cab of course, but that would only provoke anger from the driver, and perhaps get innocent persons, falsely suspected of a practical joke, into serious trouble. Walking, in my feeble state, was of course out of the question, and nothing remained for me but an omnibus. I have known people to wish themselves invisible when making use of this humble mode of conveyance, but my case was precisely the opposite; I wanted the conductor to see me and stop. However, he stopped for a fat old lady, and stepping lightly up before her I seated myself on the knifeboard. Of course I couldn't go inside. It might have filled up, and the man have let in a thirteenth passenger to sit on *me*.

There were two very young men on my left, who conversed in a low voice together, but of course I could hear everything they said. They looked grave and respectable beyond their years. One was evidently a curate of the Church of England, and the other I took to be connected with missionary enterprise.

Amusement was clearly out of their line, and indeed they were going to an oratorio at the Crystal Palace. It was very strange that though they were Englishmen, I could scarcely understand one word they said. They used such funny terms: "brads," and "dibbs," and "mopuses," and "posh," and "stumpy." At first I thought they were musical expressions, the notes of the gamut for all I knew. But at last it was borne in upon me that they were talking about money. "Can you smash a thick un for me?" inquired one, handing his friend a sovereign. "You're sure it ain't sheen?" returned the other, with a diabolical grin, and then produced from his coat pocket (mixed with some things that certainly ought not to have been there, including a false nose) the change for the coin.

It is dreadful to write it, but I had been listening for the last quarter of an hour to thieves' slang. It was only now and then that it became intelligible. Presently we passed a most respectable and very stout old lady carrying a fur bag, with no doubt her purse in it, as is the

artless custom of old ladies. The eyes of both my young friends were attracted to her at once; for youth and beauty they cared nothing, but only for solid worth.

"Do you think there's any flimsies in that old gal's bag, Jack? I fancy she'd run to a quid or two!"

He must have had a very lively fancy to imagine her running to anything, or even away from it.

The other consulted his watch, or, as was more probable, somebody else's watch, and shook his head. "It's ten to one there's nothing but wedge (silver) in her bag, and a laced wipe, and we should miss the blooming oratorio."

It was only too clear that I was sitting cheek by jowl with a couple of pickpockets. I was greatly shocked of course by this discovery, but it is curious how one's indignation at crime is mitigated by the reflection that the criminals cannot injure oneself. The absentee landlord is furious at his tenantry not paying their rents, but less moved than his agent by their habit of shooting from behind hedges at persons obnoxious to them. I knew these gentlemanly young men could not pick my pockets, nor even dream of such a thing, and I should have quietly sat by their side, notwithstanding what is said at the police courts about "a companion of thieves," all the way to Waterloo Place but for a most frightful incident. Another passenger was coming up the stairs, and would infallibly take my place.

If I had been well and agile, I might have dodged him, as Punch eludes his persecutors in the show, and he have been never the wiser, but I really didn't feel up to it. Moreover the shock of his approach had demoralized me (much more than the other), and I could only think of getting off that infernal omnibus as quietly as possible. I scrambled over the knifeboard on to the other side, laying my hand mechanically on the shoulder of the nearest thief as I did so. I never shall forget his look of shrinking horror. The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth. He doubtless thought he was "wanted" for something or other.

Then I ran down the other steps with a threepenny piece in my hand. Integrity (whatever my cousins may say) is one of my leading characteristics, and besides I quite forgot how easily I could have got off — literally got off — without paying my fare; but honesty was certainly not the best policy in my case. "Here's your money, my man," I said, as I pressed it into his palm and left the bus. He dropped

clean off his perch, like a parrot in a fit, but fell into the muddy road. I had no time to wait to see what happened, but it is probable that his story was not believed; and yet when that poor man said, "When that threepenny piece was put into my hand by nobody, I'm blest if you mightn't have knocked me down with a feather," he was speaking the literal truth, for that was just my weight, and I had done it.

CHAPTER III.

THE CLUB.

I COULD hardly push the heavy swing door of the club open, and of course the commissionaire did not offer to do it for me. "What a wind there must be outside!" growled the hall porter, who, sitting in his glass case all day — a mere exhausted receiver of letters and visiting-cards — knows nothing whatever concerning the world without, not even its weather. I sat down on the bench reserved for messengers, to recover myself a little. A lady entered the hall, young but not very pretty, and with a tightness about her mouth, like a purse with the snap closed, that seemed to bespeak a resolute purpose.

"Are there any letters for Mr. Jones to-day, porter?" she inquired, with labored sweetness.

"Which Mr. Jones, ma'am? There's a dozen on 'em."

"Mr. Valentine Jones."

Over the impassive face of that stately porter there crept a dry, wise smile, cynical and yet kindly; the smile of a man who knows the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures, but also shares them.

"There are several business letters, ma'am, for Mr. Valentine Jones."

That word "business" was, I felt, dictated by a generous nature, or at least by the recollection of some generosity (of Jones's); but if he had even said "circulars" it would not have appeased that determined female.

"Give them to me, please," she answered quietly, at the same time opening a little bag for their reception. "He has sent me for them."

"Quite impossible," said the porter.

"But I am Mr. Valentine Jones's wife;" the stress she laid upon that last word cannot be reproduced in words.

"Absolutely impossible," returned the official; and the stress he laid upon the first word was quite as intense.

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ing volumes—and by no means of light literature.

The next incomer had a Milesian brogue, sweet and strong as rum punch, of which it also somehow reminded one; but yet he looked artful.

"Is Mr. O'Milligan, of Milligan Castle, County Blarney, and member of Parliament, within?" he inquired.

"No, sir."

"Then kindly favor me with his private address in town."

"Hasn't got one, sir."

The stranger scratched his head, whistled, winked, and softly withdrew.

A smile broadened on that stately porter's face; I wondered what he was laughing at. Some people (though rarely those who live in glass houses) see jokes in everything, which is a very deplorable state of mind.

I entered the ground floor reading-room, just to see how things were going on in one's absence, and how it was borne by one's acquaintance. It seemed to be borne admirably well; I could not suspect them of indifference, but attributed their apparent stoicism to resignation—their not saying a word about me to an unwillingness to lacerate each other's bosoms by alluding to so painful a subject. Midas was asleep on the sofa, as usual, and little Mole patiently waiting for his waking that he might get one of the many newspapers with which the other had made his bed. Simpkins was standing with his back to the fireplace (from which in winter he keeps the glow from many a shivering fellow-creature), playing with his heavy gold watchchain, and reading a morning paper. It was a paragraph about himself, I knew, and, as some would think, a highly complimentary one; yet it had been written by the man who knew most about him in all the world.

The sporting men were whispering their dark secrets to one another in their customary corner. I bet myself, occasionally, and had won money of them; they would surely speak of me with respectful tenderness. I shimmered up to them in hopes to catch a word of sympathy. They were talking not about "men and books," but about horses and books. One of them asked "How about the Cork? I hear he's gone back in the betting." "Yes," said another; "I've bet two to one against his recovery. If he's 'scratched' it will not be the first time I have lost money by him;" and then they all laughed; not one word about me. So vanish friendships made

on the race-course. However, these were not my own familiar friends, such as I was about to meet at luncheon.

I shimmered into the great dining-room; at our favorite table Rawlings was already seated—first, as usual; if there is any delicacy on the bill, and only a little of it, he likes to make sure of it. He has not much appetite, poor fellow—"coats of the stomach not what they should be," he tells us confidentially; but, as Seymour says (who is a joker, and rather unfeeling), he makes up for it by his drinketite. He has his bottle of champagne before him. Immediately opposite is my chair, turned back to show the place is reserved. This touches me; these are friends indeed; they don't know when I may be coming back (if ever), but they are always prepared, it seems, for my reception. Emotion so overpowered me that, forgetting my peculiar position, I turned back the chair and sat down on it. Rawlings's cheerful face at once became livid. He stared at me so earnestly that I almost thought he could see something—an idea which, as it happened, also occurred to him. He murmured something to himself—some orison learnt in infancy, and in disuse for fifty years. Then, "Waiter," he exclaimed, "take away this champagne!"

"Is it corked, sir?"

"Hush! don't say that," he cried, in tones of inexplicable alarm. "Never mention that word to me again."

I had never seen Rawlings so bad as this—in the middle of the day—and I was anxious to see what our friends would think of it. Dashwood and Seymour came in together, and took their seats, the one with severe complacency, as usual, as though the whole world belonged to him, and its inhabitants were his slaves, the other with a careless indifference (also as usual), as though he didn't care one half-penny whom it belonged to.

"Hullo, old man! off your feed?" exclaimed Dashwood, pointing to the knife and fork, which my *vis-à-vis* had flung down upon his cutlet.

"And what is much worse, off his drink," observed Seymour. "Where's your champagne, old fellow?"

"Something has just happened," said Rawlings in awe-struck tones. "The most curious and dreadful thing. Heaven knows what it means. I wish you would give me your attention, Dashwood," he murmured imploringly.

"All right; but a man must have his

lunch, you know. (Yes, a slice of ham from the thick end.) Well, what was it? (And some fat, mind I have some *fat*.) Well?"

"Not five minutes ago, as I was sitting here alone, opposite to Banquo's chair, as Seymour calls it, which was then *turned back*—upon my life and honor I am telling you the exact truth——"

"Stop a minute," interrupted Dashwood; "this is from the knuckle, waiter; I said the *thick* end—a thousand pardons; you were going to tell us the exact truth about something."

"It will have all the charm of novelty," said Seymour.

"Don't laugh at me," exclaimed Rawlings earnestly; "if it had happened to either of *you*, you wouldn't have laughed. I believe Dashwood would have gone off in a fit."

"Don't talk like that even in jest, Rawlings," said Dashwood, who is of full habit and very nervous; "don't *tell* it me if it's dangerous, I beg."

"It will not be so dangerous as the fat of that ham, I'll bet a shilling," said Seymour, pointing to the plate arrived for the second time.

"Quite true," replied Dashwood; "many thanks to you for calling my attention to it. When I said '*fat*,' waiter, I did not mean a pound of fat."

"Upon my life," cried Rawlings, with tears in his eyes, "this is most *shocking*. I wish to relate the most painful, the most terrible experience that ever occurred to any human being—an intimation, it may be, from the other world—and you keep talking of ham."

"One must lunch," pleaded Dashwood mournfully; "*this* world, which has at least the advantage of priority, demands it. I should like some fried potatoes; but that, of course, is out of the question till you have done your story—pray go on."

"I tell you that Banquo's chair yonder was turned back when I sat down here, and all of a sudden—in broad daylight, and with nobody touching it—it assumed its present position."

"You must have been kicking your legs about," said Dashwood unsympathetically.

"Or, more likely, '*lifting your elbow*,'" put in Seymour; "you do take too much wine, my dear Rawlings, you know you do."

"I had only had one glass of champagne."

"That was just it; you felt the want of it, my good fellow. Take a hair of the

dog that bit you," said Dashwood, with the air of an expert giving professional advice. "Toss off a glass of brandy."

"He's had enough of spirits," murmured Seymour.

"Why, you don't mean to tell me," continued Dashwood imperiously, "that poor old Browne pulled back his own chair?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, but I can't help thinking that something has happened to Browne."

"But we all know that something *has* happened to him," urged Dashwood.

"Which we all knew, moreover, was *very likely* to happen to him," remarked Seymour. (What *did* he mean?)

"Yes," said Rawlings solemnly, "but going off your nut is one thing, and going off the hooks is another."

"Still, when the mind is gone what matters the body?" sighed Dashwood—"just give me those fried potatoes, waiter, and order me some toast for the caviar—depend upon it, it will be a happy release. His temper was getting unbearable."

"Don't say that, please don't," said Rawlings earnestly. "Or at least not now. For all we know he may be sitting in that chair."

"Exceedingly improbable," remarked Seymour. He was a successful barrister, and very sceptical. "There is no evidence of it to go to a jury."

"If Seymour had you in the box about it, my dear Rawlings, he would turn you inside out in five minutes," said Dashwood confidently.

"If it was not so superfluous," remarked the advocate dryly.

Rawlings, deprived of his liquor, and staring suspiciously at the empty chair, had certainly rather an eviscerated appearance. "Still, he *may* be here," he murmured.

"And a very good thing if he was," said Dashwood philosophically, "and could hear the truth about himself. He always shrank from that."

"Well, I confess I liked him," said Seymour, with the air of a man who expects to meet with opposition, and without being altogether prepared to resist it.

"Why?" inquired Dashwood.

"Well, perhaps one doesn't know exactly why," admitted the other. "One had to dive for it, of course, but I do really think he was a good-natured fellow, under the mud."

"He was pleasant enough when he was pleased, if you mean *that*," said Dashwood. "There was a certain agreeable

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insolence about him, I don't deny; but a more conceited fellow under the pretence of simplicity, or a more cunning one under the veil of frankness —"

"He was a little mad," put in Rawlings apologetically; "every one knows that now."

"Yes, but there was a deal of method in his madness. He managed somehow, notwithstanding that engaging eccentricity, to get his own way through life, and never lose sight of the main chance."

"That was a sad trait in him indeed," said Seymour with a twinkle in his left eye, "and quite peculiar to himself."

"Don't say 'through life,' Dashwood," cried Rawlings imploringly, "until we are quite sure; it isn't decent."

"Very well, if you object to the phrase, let us say 'for the last twenty years,' or 'as long as we've known him.'"

If the *Lancet* supposes that it is impossible for a disembodied spirit to get into a perspiration the *Lancet* is wrong; I hadn't a dry thread on me. I had read, of course, that listeners never hear any good of themselves, but I had never imagined that a respectable proverb could be pushed to such an extremity as this, and yet there was more, and worse, to come.

"How did old Browne, by-the-by, get his money, to *begin with*?" inquired Dashwood. "There was something queer about it, was there not?"

"I should think there *was*," said Seymour, in his soft, subacid way. "It was one of the first cases in which I was ever concerned. He made a capital witness, capital — stuck at nothing, that I will say for him."

"What do you mean; perjury?" said Dashwood, much excited, and squeezing more lemon over his caviar than he had intended. Seymour nodded with great significance.

"I must say nothing about that," he said with professional gravity; "the fact is, I was his counsel, so my mouth is sealed."

"Oh, *do* tell us!"

"Not now," cried Rawlings; "I insist upon its not being told now; not till we have seen the paper to-morrow morning. I cannot help thinking that something dreadful has happened to the Cork."

The Cork! Then *I* was the Cork! Those sporting wretches in the next room had been talking of *me* after all, though only to make an inhuman bet about my chances of recovery. I rose from my chair in disgust, and only just in time.

"You have kept my place, I hope," said

a voice I knew, though I didn't know the man it belonged to. He was an old member of the club, but not of our set, who had been lately made the editor of a great weekly paper.

"We always keep *your* place, Mr. Magnus," said Dashwood, with courteous deference.

It was for *him*, then, that chair had been turned back, and not for me. I'd a great mind to pull it from under him as he sat down, and break his neck.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Magnus, you will now have that chair in perpetuity," said Rawlings mournfully.

"Afraid? Well, really that is one of the things one would rather not have said," said Dashwood, with indignation. "Old Browne was all very well in his way — but Mr. Magnus!"

"Is your friend worse?" said the great man placidly as he peppered his lobster.

"I fear so."

"Poor fellow! Well, I'll send round to his house the last thing to-night, and if anything has happened — for your sakes, gentlemen — he shall have a paragraph."

"An immortality indeed," observed Dashwood courteously.

"And one for which he has been always yearning," added Seymour sweetly. "I wonder whether he will be permitted to hear it. But of course that *depends*."

I suppose nobody ever left a club — who had not been expelled from it by a general meeting — in a more depressed condition than I did.

As to walking home, that was not to be thought of; and I had had quite enough of omnibuses. Fortunately at the door stood an open and roomy carriage, which I knew was about to convey a wicked and invalid old financier of my acquaintance to his house in my quarter of the town. I climbed in over the door, and modestly took a back seat. Presently he appeared, a mass of capes and cloaks, and was assisted into the vehicle by his footman (whom he swore at). It had Csprings, but that of course did not help him to discern *me*, and was very comfortable. He lay back thinking of many things not to his credit (though it was almost unlimited); black care, he knew, was sitting behind him (in the fold of the head), but he little guessed who was sitting in front of him. However, he brought me within a hundred yards of my door, so I will say nothing against him. The service he was rendering me was not a great one, but, even when the beer is small, "one should not look a gift cask in the bung-hole."

I let myself in with my latch-key and shimmered up to my room, as noiseless on the stairs as when a boy I used to slide down the banisters after jam at night, and with the same (faint) consciousness of misdoing. I felt that eavesdropping was not quite an honorable practice (nor nearly so amusing as I had expected it to be); but when one has once taken to it — like money that ought to have been left to somebody else — it is somehow very difficult to give it up. There is an attraction about it which it is impossible to explain, but once experienced one is always wanting — like a seat in Parliament, with all its inconveniences and degradations — to try it again.

Though what I had heard about myself from my club friends could hardly be considered satisfactory — and indeed their observations had been much more familiar than welcome — I yearned to learn what was my Angelina's private opinion of me. My very want of success at the club even increased this longing. Friendship had failed me, but love, love, love, that makes the world go round (and doubtless on that account makes one so dizzy to think of), would surely make amends for it. My good nurse, all alone with her sherry — for as we know she had no other companion, the servants being all engaged — had waited (with fits and starts) for my bell, and congratulated me on my long and refreshing rest, whereas I had had hardly strength enough to swallow my lump of sugar. As I dropped at once into a wholesome slumber (produced by so much healthy exercise in the open air) she wrote down "lethargy" on her little slate — the last effort of the faithful creature in the cause of duty — and fell into an alcoholic sleep herself in the armchair.

CHAPTER IV.

ANGELINA.

MR. NATHANIEL SPIFFKINS lived in a small and unambitious street in Bloomsbury. And why not? That is the unanswerable question — not unmingled with ferocity — I have always put to meddling friends who have been hostile to my matrimonial projects. If I had said 'And why?' they would have given me fifty reasons, each more unpleasant than the other. At one time he had been prosperous, and lived in the neighboring square. Angelina had been brought up in marble halls, or halls that had at least been painted in imitation of marble. She had been born in the purple — though, indeed, all babes

are much of that color — and with a silver spoon in her mouth, which had not, however, in any way interfered with its exquisite shape. Those lovely eyes had in early girlhood blinked beneath five large gas chandeliers (counting the two in the back drawing-room), and had (generally) seen better days. But you would never have guessed it from her behavior. She was wont to say, in her artless way — and drawing her very metaphors from the simplest and most innocent source — that it was no use crying over spilt milk. Some girls would have abused their father up hill and down dale, for having lost his money in speculation; but her intelligence suggested to her that he did not lose it by design, and no doubt it was a consolation to her to feel that where he had lost thousands, others, who had a high opinion of his sagacity and advice, had lost tens of thousands, and had not saved so much out of the fire even as he had. She had common sense far beyond her years, except on one point. She still stuck to Jack Atkins, the War Office clerk. (I always remembered his name, because it was that of the mutineer in "Robinson Crusoe," whom he also resembled in character; a very disagreeable, insolent, courageous fellow.) He had loved her when she was rich, and he pretended to do so — or even, perhaps, really did it, for he was anything but sensible — now she was poor. She called it fidelity, and her father (very properly) fiddle-de-dee.

The good old man had done his best for her — not, it was whispered, without very serious risk to himself (but *that* was all over, thank goodness; there was nothing, as Seymour would have said, to go to a jury, or, at all events, it hadn't gone there); and now it was surely her turn to do her best for *him*. It would be egotistic and conceited in me to indicate the man who, in her father's opinion (and mine) had become her best; moreover, it was not as best man — but I am "wandering" — the very thing of which the doctor and the nurse complain of me, though, I protest, without the slightest cause.

In the days of her prosperity Angelina had favored Jack, notwithstanding the disproportion between their fortunes, and even made it the ground of her favor; how delightful, she averred, it would be to dower him with her wealth, though it would be a poor return, indeed, for his unselfish devotion. "How satisfactory it is," she would say, "to reflect that I have got enough for two, or even more" (for she was not one to shut her eyes to the

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future), "and that his having nothing but his salary (and his debts) is of no sort of consequence." And now she had gone right round, and contended that, in making her poor, fate had only been fitting them for one another.

"And how about *me*?" would here put in Spiffkins, not unnaturally; when she would burst into tears, which he justly thought a good symptom. The kind old fellow was doing what he could for me (and himself) I knew; but I was anxious to know *what* he was doing.

The next afternoon, matters were all arranged at home as before, and I left it, lighter than ever, buoyed up by tender expectation, and on the wings of love. Now, the best way of getting to Midge Street, Bloomsbury (under my rather peculiar circumstances), was by the Metropolitan Railway, and though a man who has been given up by the doctors naturally shrinks from "the Underground," I took it. In the morning and the evening there are five-and-twenty passengers or so in every carriage of the Metropolitan, but in the afternoon there is plenty of room. In my carriage there was nobody; from the point of view of a traffic manager, not even me. I had given honesty a fair trial, and was not going to try it again. How absurd it sounded to hear the gate collector ask one to show one's ticket, when I could not even show myself.

It had been said of me, by one who envied me my Angelina, that I went to Midge Street so often that it was a pity there was not a hole cut for me in the door, that I might go in and out like the cat. A brutal jest enough; but, as it happened, I now wished that some such accommodation had been provided for me. As matters stood, there was nothing for it but to ring the bell, and slip in the best way I could. As I had hoped, the slavey came out on the doorstep, looked to left and right, with a "Drat them boys!" (thinking it was a runaway ring), and gave me the desired opportunity.

The drawing-room door was on the jar, and so far typified what was going on within; a domestic fracas was taking place there between old Spiffkins and his daughter, and from the fact of my Angelina being in tears, I guessed at once (and rightly) that I was the subject of their disagreement. The lovely girl was standing in a defiant attitude, with her beautiful arms a-kimbo; a flush on her cheek, and a flash in her eye. The old gentleman was huddled up in his armchair, with his hands before his face, but keeping a sharp

lookout between his fingers. I am afraid (to use a phrase she would herself have scorned to employ) she had been "letting him have it."

"I don't care whether he is better or worse," she was saying, with a touch of temper that became her admirably.

"Quite right, dear," he answered blandly; "you will have to *take* him for better or worse; what a comfort it is to think that it will not be for richer or poorer! You wouldn't like to see our little establishment, scaly as it is, bust up, I suppose?"

Spiffkins was certainly vulgar in his mode of expressing himself; but, on the other hand, he was not one of those "sophisticated rhetoricians" who leave you in doubt of their meaning. The cruel shaft went home to that gentle heart; her arms dropped down to her side and she plumped down—and how charmingly plump she was!—upon the sofa.

"Would you have me marry a madman?" she pleaded indignantly.

Spiffkins kept his temper admirably; the infamous libel on his friend (and creditor) did not seem to move him in the least.

"My dear child, I don't want you to marry him *now*; it may be a week or two before he gets all right again —"

"*Again!*" she interrupted scornfully. "He never was right, and he never will be right."

"You mean in his mind?" he inquired gently.

"Of course I mean in his mind."

It was curious to remark the difference of tone and manner in these two persons, otherwise so near akin. The one all peacefulness, wisdom, and common sense; full of "reverence and the silver hair"—though not so well provided with the latter as he had been; the other hardly knowing what she said, and not much caring; young (who can blame her for that? not *me*), impetuous, and carried away by the merest froth of feeling, and yet looking so exceedingly pretty. (In that, and that only, she had a decided advantage over Spiffkins.)

"The question is, my dear," he continued calmly, "what *is* madness? 'Great wits to madness are allied' we read, and certainly Browne is full of fun."

"I hate his fun," cried Angelina.

"Quite right. What we want is his earnest" (the way that Spiffkins had of agreeing with her whenever he could, was certainly most sagacious and judicious). "That he is eccentric, there is no doubt;

but nobody can deny his ability to make a settlement."

"A settlement! What's a settlement?" she answered bitterly.

"Well, that crack in the wall yonder is a settlement, and I am sorry to say there are a good many of them," he added, with a deep-drawn sigh; "but the one I refer to is a provision for life."

"It would be but a short life," she murmured despairingly.

"No doubt; that is what the doctors tell me; then when you've got rid of him you could marry Jack."

This was a most abominable idea, but I forgave it Spiffkins on the spot for the sake of the excellent motive that I knew was actuating him; nor could I withhold my admiration for the sagacity that had so promptly caused him to affect to misunderstand her meaning. It was plain she was to be shaken (to quote from my medicine labels), and might possibly be taken, though she wasn't taken (at least with me) at present.

"After all," he continued, as if ashamed of his last argument, "what matters a little queerness in a man's character so long as it isn't his moral character," put in Spiffkins, in the tone of one who makes an insurmountable proviso. "Why, I knew a man in the House of Commons, who lived for years in a lunatic asylum, but who was always let out—under the influence of belladonna—to vote on great occasions. That was rather an extreme case, I admit—though he saved his country more than once—but what grounds have you for thinking our good friend Browne anything more than a little queer? He is well informed, fond of literature, and quotes from the poets like—like winking."

Again I deplored the want of facility of expression in Spiffkins; if he had rounded that last sentence a little better, it would certainly have been more effective.

"Yes, he quotes enough, but it's never right," urged Angelina. "To give you an idea of what he is capable of in that way, we were talking together one day of that beautiful poem beginning 'The windflower and the violet have perished long ago,' by Bryant—is it not Bryant who writes so sweetly on spring-time?"

"To be sure," murmured Spiffkins, "Bryant and May;" (but fortunately she didn't hear him).

"Well, how do you think he quoted *that*? He said, 'The aster and the asterisk have perished long ago.' If it had been *all* nonsense, I should have thought

he was joking; but the aster *is* a flower, you know."

"To be sure," answered Spiffkins; "the Jacob Aster; it's an American plant."

"I did not know there was that particular variety of it," said Angelina indifferently; "but Mr. Browne's referring to it showed a method in his madness which seemed somehow worse than if there had been none."

"I can't follow you there," said Mr. Spiffkins. No more could I, to save my life. Her logic seemed to me like that of the gallery god, who when the actor spoke the line, "My wound is great, because it is so small," exclaimed, "Then 'twould be greater were it none at all." The whole thing was too subtle for me; I got mixed.

"What I mean," said Angelina, "is that Mr. B. seems to have just enough sagacity to keep him out of a lunatic asylum, and that's all."

All! and enough too, I thought. To call me Mr. B. too! Old Spiffkins was hurt, as well he might be.

"Don't say that," he said pathetically, "even to *me*. It has just been decided that what a man tells even his wife is 'publication;' it may cause an action for libel. You are not 'privileged' to say such things."

"I am only speaking the truth," said Angelina, tapping her pretty foot upon the floor. "You know perfectly well he is as mad as a March hare; papa."

"If it's only in March," he began apologetically, but she wouldn't listen to him.

"How can you have the face to deny it? Do you not know for a fact that he knocked at his own door the other day and asked if Mr. Browne was at home?"

I remembered the unfortunate mistake, though I didn't know it had got abroad. The truth is I was a little absent at the time, which naturally caused me to inquire whether I was at home or not.

"My dear child," said the ready Spiffkins, "only consider what a common name Browne is. He probably forgot himself for a moment (you do it yourself, I regret to say, occasionally), and was thinking of another Browne."

She shook her head. The explanation, unanswerable as it was, evidently did not satisfy her; womanlike, she declined to admit defeat, and flew off to another argument.

"Then he is so intensely selfish."

"*That* isn't madness, at all even *to*," answered old Spiffkins cheerfully; "quite the contrary."

"Never shall I forget his conduct when

we were out yachting last summer. How, when we were all enjoying ourselves, and the vessel began to 'lop' a little, he insisted on being put ashore immediately."

"Very natural, my dear."

"Yes, but what I objected to was his insisting on taking me with him. Then when we were crossing the gentleman's garden, and he came out swearing and with a stick, how meanly Mr. B. behaved! He cried, 'Don't strike her. She was in her father's yacht, and felt seasick; I knew it was a trespass, but I felt that in the case of illness and a lady you wouldn't mind.' The poor gentleman almost fell on his knees with shame, and offered us sherry and biscuits."

"But what a ready wit!" exclaimed old Spiffkins, admiringly.

"I hate such wit," said Angelina.

"Still he *is* witty, you must allow; remember how he answered Professor Slowcoach, who wanted to know when a *Te Deum* was first solemnized after a victory. 'Probably,' said Browne, 'after the siege of Tyre.'"

"Nobody saw the joke but myself till the next day," said Angelina depreciatingly.

"That was their fault, and shows that you and he were made for one another, my dear."

"Stuff and nonsense. I don't believe that Mr. Browne even knew that he was making a joke."

"That's genius," said Spiffkins confidently. He was certainly a sharp old man, and if he had been a lawyer, would have cut a figure at the Old Bailey (which indeed, even as it was, he very nearly did).

"Then, like that dreadful old professor in 'Middlemarch,' Mr. Browne makes such noises over his soup."

This was downright rude, and of course untrue; but the manner which Angelina had of saying *anything* was attractive. She gave a little imitation of the (supposed) noise, which sounded to *me* like the note of a bird.

"My dear child, if I was as rich as Browne," said her father reprovingly, "I should make noises."

"Well, then, I'm glad you ain't," cried Angelina, tartly — or rather jam-tartly, for, bless her, she could not help being sweet. That she should have expressed herself pleased with such a circumstance was a clear proof that the poor dear did not know what she was saying.

"However, it's no good talking any more about the matter, papa, for Dr. Jones himself assured me that even if Mr.

Browne should get over his present illness, he will never be himself again."

"Very good; what *can* be better news, my dear?" said Spiffkins pleasantly. "You say you don't like him as he is, and if he isn't going to be himself any more — By jingo, there's that fellow Atkins."

There was a ring at the front door. There seemed something ominous in Atkins coming with *that*, though he couldn't have well got in without it. To witness his meeting with my Angelina was not to be endured. There was, however, still a moment or two of happiness for me (such as it was), for the slavey, thinking it might be another "runaway," was not in a hurry to answer the door. Who can resist an opportunity that may never occur again? With that beautiful and accomplished young creature before my eyes I forgot that I was myself invisible.

Angelina gave a piercing scream. "Papa," she cried, "somebody's kissed me!"

"What, already!" he said contemptuously; and alas! I knew only too well what he meant.

"I tell you it is so!" she exclaimed; "a horrid *scrubby* kiss."

The poor dear only spoke the truth; I had not shaved for six weeks. They would not even trust me with a pair of scissors.

"Scrubby!" echoed Spiffkins; "a girl of your age ought not to know the difference."

It was very true, but very dreadful. Carried away by my feelings, I fled the room like a feather. I met my hated rival — I need not say he had no moustache — on the stairs; I was obliged to give him the wall, and gladly indeed would I have heaved a brick at him. He looked disgustingly young, and handsome, and happy. Thank heaven he was in debt; that was *something*, but it was all (except old Spiffkins) I had to trust to. However, he would have to wait for the banns to be put up, at all events, for his ready money, I knew, didn't "run to" a license.

My blood boiled in my veins, so that people turned round in the street to listen to it, then thought it a singing in their own ears, and made a mem to take a pill. But what did *I* care about their trifling with their constitutions? When I got home and took my sugar, I could have almost wished it was sugar of lead. "Henceforth," cried I, with a person of greater eminence, but who could not have felt more wickedly disposed, "Evil, be thou my good."

I would haunt Angelina at the very altar and beyond it; no considerations of propriety should restrain me. I had had enough of propriety, and of everything else. No, not of everything; there was not enough of that preparation of fernseed left for the revenge of a lifetime. I must make some more. Great Heaven, the jar was empty! "Nurse," I cried, frantic with this discovery; "nurse, where is my fernseed?"

She answered from the dressing-room, where she was rinsing out (she called it wrenching out) something or other, —

"Your what, sir? Do you mean your linseed meal? Why, I've just been washing on it away; it was getting hard and bad."

It was not so hard and bad as I felt. My magic power was gone, and I had no means of recovering it. The jar had held only a specimen; sufficient indeed for my simple needs at present; but how was I to procure the receipt for future use? How little, when one can be invisible at pleasure, do we poor mortals think of the future!

"Nurse," cried I, "you're drunk."

I knew she was not, but it was a relief to my feelings.

Here something seemed to give me a violent box on the ear — most likely a snapping of some rather largish vessel in the brain — and I became insensible. When I came to myself again, it was to-morrow.

Deprived of my magic mixture, of course I could not take it as before. The scheme of life I had mapped out for myself was nipped in the bud, like a flower in spring. The aster had, so to speak, become an asterisk. But the worst was yet to come. Almost every human being in this cold world has some sympathizer with his misfortunes. If one holds four by honors and fails to secure the odd trick, the ready tear starts at least from one's partner's eye; if one loses one's case before the judge, even one's solicitor (especially if one can't pay his costs) is moved, though he doesn't move for a new trial; if one drops a sovereign in the street, the passing stranger is sorry — if he doesn't find it.

But I — I who had been so marvellously endowed, and suddenly found myself deprived of fortune's rarest gift — was sympathized with by nobody. The incredulous world actually *refuses to believe that I ever had it*. My own positive assertion, a gentleman's word, goes for nothing.

"I have no doubt, my dear sir, you

thought you had it," is the very best I can get out of even my own doctor. He admits, indeed, when I tell him of the consultation I overheard between Sir Lucas and Mr. Scratchwig, that no doubt they behaved very much as I described them to have done. *That*, he says, is only human nature.

"It is your extraordinary powers of intuition, my dear sir," he contends, "that have caused you to know what these men said, and your no less wonderful gift of imagination that leads you to think you heard it."

I don't want compliments, however, but corroboration. I am collecting what facts I can to support my experience — for I am getting quite well and strong in the country air, at Hanwell in Middlesex — and no unprejudiced person will deny that they have considerable weight. Angelina is married to Jack, which it cannot be denied I foresaw; Welsford has married Jemima, and taken a public house, just as I heard him say he would do. The policeman, it is true, has not married the cook, but that was not her fault; he was married already. When I asked Dashwood what they had been saying of me at the luncheon table on the day when I paid them that memorable visit, he changed color, and said it was impossible to recollect. They were always talking of me off and on. I hope I called on the off day. It was quite true that Rawlings had had champagne on the date in question, and thought he saw something which nobody else could see. The editor had also sat in my chair. I think that pretty well, even if, as Seymour says (as usual), it is not enough for a jury. Upon the whole I think, if the case is tried, I should prefer a jury of matrons, for my nurse admits (though more particularly in connection with that absurd notion of hers about my cunning) that there were occasions "when she could see through me." If she could do that my case is proved.

From The Contemporary Review.
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

CRITICS are, perhaps, the only people in the world who do not need the advice addressed in the proverbial lore of more than one language to the physician. To call upon a critic to criticise himself would be quite superfluous. They are always doing it, in the act of criticising others. At the same time they deserve no

credit for it, as the operation is wholly unconscious, and for the most part absolutely involuntary. It has been liberally performed all round in the various obituary reviews of Mr. Matthew Arnold's literary genius and work, and no doubt a fresh example of it is about to be afforded to whoever shall read what I am about to write. No observer of the literary firmament can prevent "personal equation" intruding into his efforts to fix the exact places of its celestial occupants. The best one can hope is to reduce the subjective element of error within as small dimensions as possible. It would, at any rate, be out of the question to hope for more than this in the case of Mr. Arnold. His work, both in prose and poetry, but in the former especially, was distinguished by characteristics of the strongest individuality; it displayed qualities which are as much overrated by some minds as they are depreciated by others; it enforced doctrines — the prose by precept, the poetry by example — on the soundness of which men have differed since the dawn of literature, and will probably continue to differ until literature is extinguished by Volapuk. To have reasoned opinions on literature at all is to hold strong convictions, or at any rate to feel strongly, on the questions which Matthew Arnold's genius and teaching raised as with a standing challenge, and the critic who undertakes to review his literary work can hardly but be conscious of doing so from the standpoint, either of a convinced believer in his doctrines and method, or of a heretic hardened in their rejection. Such a one ought, perhaps, to be aware, therefore, that, in endeavoring to appraise the work of the departed poet and essayist, he runs a risk of supplying his readers with little else than an edifying disclosure of his own orthodoxy or heterodoxy from the Arnoldian point of view on the theories in question. It says much for the artless simplicity of the critical guild that this apprehension seems to weigh so little on their minds. Those who have adopted, equally with those dissent from, Mr. Arnold's canons of art have in many instances assigned him his place in English literature with a noble unconsciousness of the fact that they have been merely sitting in judgment upon, and with judicial gravity deciding in favor of, their own prepossessions.

Mutely submitting to the obvious retort that I am about to afford an example of the precise foible in my own person, I propose at the outset to examine the com-

parative estimate of Mr. Arnold's poetic and prose work which has been formed and enunciated by the majority of his posthumous critics.

Now, the first reflection which suggests itself on this point might well be one of a somewhat painful character. It is only my intimate personal conviction that no such thing as a literary counterpart of Mrs. Candor is, or ever was, to be found among us — it is only this, I say, which assures me of the good faith and good nature of many of the obituary eulogies which I have read. "It is as a poet rather than as a prose-essayist," runs the "common form" of the eulogist, "that Mr. Arnold will be remembered;" and then the writer goes on to say — not "in the same breath;" he usually respires for two or three sentences before adding it — that "to the great body of his countrymen Mr. Arnold as a poet is almost unknown." He will be remembered, it seems, for those achievements which have failed to attract the attention of the public which is to remember him. Sometimes, it is true, the formula has been varied a little, to the advantage of logic; and we have been told that the works which failed to make Mr. Arnold known to the mass of his contemporaries will constitute his principal "claim" to the "remembrance of posterity." The critics who prefer this phrase are careful not to commit themselves to the assertion that posterity will honor a draft which an earlier generation had returned on the hands of the drawer marked with the fatal superscription "no effects."

I am not so rash as to dispute the proposition that the poet was unknown to all but a very small fraction of those who were familiar enough with the name of the literary critic, the essayist on politics and manners, and, above all, perhaps, the amateur theologian. Indeed, the facts and dates of the matter speak for themselves. It is considerably more than thirty years since Mr. Arnold published his first two volumes of poems — volumes which contain some of his best work. Fifteen or sixteen years had passed before his "Essays in Criticism" made their appearance, and it is safe to say that at that time very few, even of those who were sufficiently struck with the contents of his book to take the trouble to get its title correctly (the *varia lectio* "on" has not yet disappeared even from library catalogues), had made as much as a bowing acquaintance with Mr. Arnold's earlier muse, or had ever read a line of the "New Poems" which had seen the light a year

or so before. It was undoubtedly the "Essays" that established his fame with that great world which can be persuaded by "persistent hammering," as the author of "Our Noble Selves" has it, to read and to admire the excellent in prose, but *not*, or very, very rarely, the exquisite in verse. This great world was brought to perceive, or to take for granted, in default of percipient power, that here was a critic, not only of rare technical ability, but one possessed of original and fertilizing conceptions on the subject of the critic's art, and the master, above all, of a style which, whatever fault might be found with it on other grounds, had become in his hands an instrument of marvellous delicacy and power. Then the great world condescended to see what this remarkable essayist and critic had written in rhyme and metre. And in the course of time they had got by heart the last eighteen lines of "Sohrab and Rustum," and the handsome compliment to Sophocles at the end of the sonnet "To a Friend," and the description of our Titan of empire, laden with "the too vast orb of his fate," and a few other elegant extracts of an equally convenient and portable kind.

But the great world never got farther than that. They still continued, and they still continue, to prefer their "favorites" — the two or three poets who have won their way to or beyond the place occupied for so many years in lonely majesty, like the broken column of Ozymandias, by the author of "Proverbial Philosophy." They still prized, and prize above all others, the three bards whom they have respectively learned to love, been persuaded to admire, and taken at once and spontaneously to their hearts — Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Lewis Morris. And since Mr. Arnold as a poet and Mr. Arnold's poems were and are in this position in the mind of the general public at the time of and since his lamented death, it follows that, to declare, as has been declared in so much recent criticism, that his future fame will depend upon his poetry, must mean one of two things: either it is a polite way of saying that Mr. Arnold is not destined to any future life at all in the popular recollection, or it amounts to a prediction that, sooner or later, the appreciation, now confined to a few, of his high excellence as a poet, will, as in the case of his master, Wordsworth, dawn gradually upon the perceptions of the great body of his countrymen. It is possible that Mr. Arnold himself entertained some expectation of the kind, and that his avowed belief in

the continuing growth of Wordsworth's fame and influence was associated with a personal hope which would certainly not be unjustifiable on the part of one so deeply imbued with the Wordsworthian spirit as himself.

It is ill dogmatizing on a question so obviously incapable of more than a conjectural answer as this. No man's opinion as to what the public taste of ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred years hence will be in the matter of poetry, can be worth much more than that of his neighbors; and for all we know, the world may be reading Matthew Arnold with eager delight a century hence, while Mr. Lewis Morris may have long sunk into neglect. The utmost one can say is that it is difficult to detect at present any forerunning sign whatever of either development of the public taste. I see no reason to doubt that poets who display Mr. Morris's triumphant address in adapting themselves to the poetical likings of so vast a multitude of their fellow-countrymen will always find innumerable admirers worthy of them. I do not believe that the singer will either get ahead of the listener or the listener of the singer, but that the two will be kept abreast of each other by the link of a quality which Horace, though with a slight difference of application, has described as "golden." On the other hand, I do not find any very convincing ground for the belief that the taste of any great multitudes of men in this or any other country will ever be powerfully attracted by poetry like that of Mr. Arnold. Even if the influence of Wordsworth should increase, instead of, as is at least as probable, diminishing, it does not follow that Mr. Arnold's would obtain additional acceptance on that account; for Wordsworth's appeal to the common mind is largely dependent upon a quality in his poetry which Mr. Arnold is altogether without. Wordsworth lays firm hold of the religious instinct in man. His poetry, for all the mystical nature-worship that pervades it, was allied to a strongly and even almost narrowly personal theistic creed. There is nothing in the poetry of his disciple to supply the place of this element, except that highly attenuated conception of the "something not ourselves which makes for righteousness," so familiar to every student of the amateur theologian into which the poet and critic so unfortunately declined. It will be a long time before the mass of mankind are willing to accept the "stream of tendency" as a substitute for their no doubt crude and self-contradictory conceptions

of a personal Creator; and when, if ever, they do, they will probably have ceased to care for poetry of the Wordsworthian and Arnoldian type at all. Science relieved by sensuousness appears to be the ideal to which not only poetry, but art of all kinds, is tending at the present day, and if the movement is a real and persistent, and not a merely apparent or merely temporary one, the ultimate effect of that movement must be to crowd out all poetry set mainly in the contemplative key, to whatever tenderness of feeling and truth of æsthetic vision it may be allied. For, so long as this key is maintained by a poet, he will probably never be able to compete for the favor of the average man with those rivals who proceed upon the sound assumption that the average man wants, as Goethe said, not to be made to think, but merely to be made to feel.

In other words it seems to me almost self-evident that poetry in order to be popular — and I do not intend the word in any disparaging sense; I merely mean that poetry, in order to be the poetry of the many and not of the few — must have something more than the power of delighting the imaginative part of man; it must deeply move his emotional part. The emotions stirred by it may be at any moral level you please, however high or however low; but the stir, the exaltation, must be there. Moreover, it must be a genuine troubling of the waters of the spirit, and not merely an excitement of the æsthetic sensibilities discharging itself along the channels of emotion. What makes Byron's popularity so instructive is that we are so often in a position to say with absolute certainty that the exaltation produced by his poetry is wholly due to the former of these causes and not in the least to the latter. For the form of the poetic utterance is sometimes so intolerably bad that we may be quite sure that the power of the passage lies exclusively in the thing uttered, and in our sympathy with the mood of the utterer. Lines which lash Mr. Swinburne into fury will powerfully affect a reader of a less exacting ear and a less fastidious taste. Mr. Arnold, so far as the faculty of expression goes, may be said to stand in polar opposition to the author of "Childe Harold," and, just as a critical admirer of the latter can almost always be sure that the pleasure given him by a passage of Byron is of its essence and not of its form, so he can nearly as often and with as complete confidence say that the pleasure given by a poem of Mr. Arnold is ultimately traceable to form rather than

to essence. It is true that the pleasure is so intense and exquisite as to pass readily with those who are keenly susceptible to such pleasure into emotional exaltation. No critic, no one with any strong feeling for style, could find it in his heart to speak of Mr. Arnold's poetry as "cold." To such a reader it is not and never can be that; but it must be admitted, I think, that the glow which it takes in the mind of such a reader is largely, if not wholly, self-generated. The flawless perfection of Mr. Arnold's poetic work in its best specimens, the absolute sureness of his art when the artist is at his best, do much more than charm and satisfy. They kindle enthusiasm; they elate and excite all who are capable of being elated by mere beauty of form and mastery of workmanship; and it is easy for those upon whom this effect is produced to fancy for the moment that their elation and excitement are in some way associated with the matter rather than with the form of his poetry, and, in fact, that *their* emotions have taken fire from *his* imagination.

My own impression — and I may perhaps trust it the more for feeling the incomparable literary charm of Mr. Arnold's best work as intensely as I do — my own impression is that the idea in question is a pure illusion; and that it is because it *is* an illusion that Matthew Arnold will never be more than "the poet of a few." It may sound paradoxical to say so of one who was a genuine poet, and, on any intelligent estimate of him, a poet of no mean order, that he wrote without the genuine poetic impulse; but there is a sense, I think, in which every competent critic will understand what I mean. It would be difficult, I think, to point to any poem of Mr. Arnold's in which he is thoroughly possessed by, instead of merely possessing, his subject — any poem in which feeling and expression are so interfused that the critical and uncritical readers are brought abreast of each other in an equality, though not in an identity, of delighted emotion. Mr. Arnold's poetic imagination was vigorous, subtle, elevated — what you please; but I question whether it ever reached a temperature at which this fusion of form and matter can take place.

It is true, no doubt, that an exceptionally large proportion of Mr. Arnold's work was of such a character as to render the correctness of this judgment difficult to test. His lyrical poems were usually the expression of subdued emotional moods, and in his dramatic, or semi-dramatic, pieces, such as "Merope," and, in a less degree, "Em-

pedocles in Etna," he aimed deliberately at that reserve and repression which is the secret of the Greek tragedians, and which he was too much and too dogmatically inclined to impose upon all poetry whatsoever. Some small portion of his work, however, was of a different character, and my point, I think, will appear with sufficient clearness in those poems in which the nature of the subject demands a more sustained ardor of imagination on the part of the poet than Mr. Arnold's subjects usually exacted from him. "The Forsaken Merman" is a piece which I know to be admired by at least one critic for whose judgment I entertain a high respect; and, like everything else that came from the hand of its author, it contains beautiful passages. But surely, considered as an attempt to give poetic expression to the feelings of the deserted "king of the sea," and to move the reader's sympathies therewith, it is not only a failure, but a failure which trembles throughout upon the verge of the comic. Mr. Arnold had far too keen a sense of the ridiculous to be insensible to the peculiar dangers of his subject, and must have been perfectly well aware of the essential conditions of success in dealing with it. He must have known that the idea of the merman hovering, with his fishy offspring, about the little watering-place where the faithless wife and mother had taken up her abode, was one which, while it might be kept clear of the positively ludicrous by consummate tact and propriety of poetic treatment, would require much more than this to make it interesting and sympathetic. Art might avail to avoid the provocation of the smile of levity, but art alone would hardly avail in such a matter to convince incredulity. It was essential that the poet should believe most profoundly in, and should feel most intensely with, his own merman, to have any chance of producing a corresponding state of belief and feeling in the minds of his readers. But Mr. Arnold does not really believe in his forsaken merman a bit. He merely uses his subject as a canvas on which to paint a few such exquisite little marine pictures as that of the

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts ranged all round
Feed on the ooze of their pasture-ground,
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,

Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye.

Or he interprets the plaints of the forsaken merman in language which would be appropriate and touching enough in the mouth of Enoch Arden, but which leave us quite cold as the utterances of an amphibious being in whom we find that the author has no more genuine belief than we have ourselves. I can understand people admiring the poem, as the critical friend to whom I have referred appears to admire it for its "purple patches;" but I cannot understand any one admiring it as a whole, or failing to recognize it as a work of which the initial poetic impulse was not energetic enough to secure the adequate accomplishment.

And I venture to maintain that, with the few and partial exceptions above referred to, Mr. Arnold's poetry will be found full of positive or negative instances to the same effect throughout. It is not cold to the cultivated taste any more than the marbles of Phidias are cold, but to the natural man, to the man who has to be reached, if at all, through the emotions, rather than the æsthetic sensibilities, it is cold. The Horatian *Si vis me flere*, etc., may or may not be a true maxim for the dramatic art, but it is assuredly true to this extent of the art poetic, that in all poetry which moves the common mind of humanity a certain thrill of agitation, a certain pulse of passion, is always to be felt. It would be absurd, of course, to deny that there are some short poems, and not a few passages perhaps here and there in longer poems, of Mr. Arnold's in which this throb and pulsation may be felt. But they are composed in his rarer — nay, in his very rare — moods. He does not feel and write at this temperature for long. Such pieces as "Philomela" and "The Strayed Reveller" are specimens of a very limited class. In much the larger majority of his poems, and in all the longer ones, the key is distinctly lower, and yet it is in these that his mere *technique* is far and away at its best. Take for instance that most perfect of all his poems — more perfect, it seems to me (though I suppose the opposite preference is more common), than the "Thyrsis" itself — "The Scholar-Gipsy;" and from this take the exquisite picture given in the following stanzas: —

For most I know thou lov'st retired ground:
Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer nights, have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock
hithe,

Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers
 wet,
 As the punt's rope chops round:
 And leaning backwards in a pensive dream,
 And fostering on thy lap a heap of flowers,
 Plucked in shy fields and distant Wychwood
 bowers,
 And thine eye resting on the moonlit stream.
 And then they land and thou art seen no
 more:
 Maidens who from the distant hamlets
 come,
 To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,
 Oft through the darkening fields have seen
 thee roam,
 Or cross a stile into the public way;
 Oft hast thou given them store
 Of flowers — the frail-leaved white anemone,
 Dark bluebells drenched with dew of
 summer eves,
 And purple orchises with spotted leaves —
 But none hath words she can report of thee.
 And, above Godstow Bridge, when haytime's
 here
 In June, and many a scythe in sunshine
 flames,
 Men who through those wide fields of
 breezy grass,
 Where black-winged swallows haunt the
 glittering Thames,
 To bathe in the abandoned lasher pass,
 Have often passed thee near,
 Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown:
 Marked thy outlandish garb, thy figure
 spare,
 Thy dark vague eyes and soft abstracted
 air:
 But when they came from bathing thou
 wast gone.
 At some lone homestead in the Cumnor hills,
 Where at her open door the housewife
 dawns,
 Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a
 gate
 To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
 Children who early range these slopes
 and late,
 For cresses from the rills,
 Have known thee eying, all an April day,
 The springing pastures and the feeding
 kine;
 And marked thee, when the stars come
 out and shine,
 Through the long dewy grass move slow
 away.

That is pure essence of Arnold — a
 thoroughly typical example at once of his
 most characteristic manner and his most
 characteristic mood. No music could be
 sweeter; but how low, how plaintively
 minor is the key! Nothing could be more
 true and tender, nothing more deeply and
 sincerely felt than the mood which in-
 spires it; but how alien, how incompre-
 hensible, to the mass of men! The very

scholar-gipsy himself, the aimless wan-
 derer whom the poet meets in imagination
 at so many of the spots most familiar in the
 rural rambles of generations of Oxford
 students — what sort of a figure does he
 present to this age of ours? What chance
 is there of his seizing on the imagination
 of our "strenuous time" (Heaven help it!)
 and of the multitude who have made
 it what it is? To that multitude this ex-
 quisite poem can be nothing more than a
 fantastic, and indeed reprehensible, glori-
 fication of "mooning." If it shows, as no
 one, I think, will dispute that it does
 show, Mr. Arnold, not only at his best but
 at his most characteristic best, I might
 venture, I think, to risk the case for my
 contention on this one poem alone. No
 other example of his work is needed, as
 no better could be found, to show that we
 have here a poet who has as little chance
 of finding his way to the hearts of the
 restless and emotion-seeking many as he
 is assured of a perpetual place in those of
 the quiet and contemplative few.

If the foregoing view of Mr. Matthew
 Arnold's genius and place as a poet be
 correct, we shall be justified, it seems to
 me, in regarding the early relapse of his
 muse into silence without either surprise
 or regret. We shall not wonder that an
 impulse which was never strictly poetic
 in its character to the writing of poetry
 should have been soon exhausted, and we
 shall not deplore the reserve which he
 imposed upon himself from the moment
 when he became conscious that that im-
 pulse was spent. It is, in my opinion, an
 error of classification to include Mr. Ar-
 nold in the list of those poets with whom
 the critical faculty, strengthening with
 advancing years, has overgrown and killed
 the creative faculty. I am inclined to be-
 lieve that the instinct of the critic — or,
 at any rate, of the thinker, the philoso-
 phizer, the theorist and moralist on life —
 was of earlier development in him than
 that of the poet. I do not say they begot
 the poet, for I cannot believe them capa-
 ble in themselves of begetting anything
 higher than a verse-maker. But I strongly
 suspect that, before his poetic instinct
 began to respond to the impressions made
 upon it by the world without, the bent of
 reflective habit had so far fixed itself as
 seriously to limit his freedom of selection
 for poetic purposes from the impressions
 thus presenting themselves. It is not
 good for a poet that he should start with
 a ready-made philosophy of life. It is
 better that he should evolve it for him-
 self — if indeed it is necessary for him to

have one — at a later stage of his career. The ascent of Parnassus can be much more hopefully attempted without any such *impedimentum* in the knapsack of the mountaineer, and the article, moreover, can always be procured on the summit.

It was in this sense that I spoke of Mr. Arnold's impulse to poetry as not being in strictness of language a poetic impulse. I was far from intending to imply that he belonged to that unhappy class of self-deceivers who cut up their philosophy of life into lines of equal or ostensibly equal syllabic length, and occasionally, though not always, jingle the ends of them against each other. He was didactic only in the sense that his already formed philosophy of life too rigidly prescribed the channels in which his poetic sensibilities were to flow, and forbade their replenishment from any new freshets of inspiration when at last they ran dry. It is to this that I at least am disposed to attribute that theory of his with respect to the functions of the poet which has provoked so much just opposition. His pronouncement upon poetry, that it should be "a criticism of life," is the eminently natural deliverance of a man who, though he was born both poet and critic, seems to have almost reached maturity in the latter character before he even began to essay his powers in the former. His own poetry from first to last had been far too much of a criticism of life — too much so at least for its popularity and for the vigor and permanence of its inspiration; and the dictum I have cited partook largely of the character of one of those after-thoughts by which the "human nature in man" is apt to persuade him that any shortcomings of which he is conscious have followed inevitably from the nature of things. There is, of course, a sense in which it is true that poetry is and must be a criticism of life, but interpreted in that sense it becomes so absolutely uninforming and unfruitful that it would be unjust to suspect Mr. Arnold of having dealt with such insistence on a proposition of such futility. Poetry is only a criticism of life in the indirect fashion in which every human art, or for that matter every human science, is and must be so; and it would be just about as instructive and important to say that the execution of a song by Madame Patti is an illustration of the physical and physiological laws of vocalization. The poet must describe life — either the life within him or the life without — in order to poetize, just as the singer must breathe

to sing; but a poem is no more a critical deliverance on life than a song is a lecture on the respiratory functions. To attempt to impress any such character expressly and designedly on the poem is sure to be almost as fatal as it would be to intersperse the song with spoken observations on the structure and action of the "vocal chords."

This "criticism of life" crotchet was, however, only one of a few critical perversities with which Mr. Arnold alternately amused and irritated his readers; and on these it is not necessary to dwell. It is more pleasant to dwell, as one can do, with admiration almost unqualified on his general work as a critic of literature. Much has been said since his death of the "Essays in Criticism" as an "epoch-making book," and, with a little care in defining the precise nature of the epoch which it did make, the phrase may be defended. It would be too much to say that the principles of criticism for which Mr. Arnold contended were new and original — or rather it would be the reverse of a compliment to say so, since it is literally certain that any fundamentally novel discovery on this ancient subject would turn out another invention of the mare's-nest. There is no critical canon in the essays which has not been observed in and might not be illustrated from the practice of some critics for long before the essays appeared. But it is quite true that these principles were at that time undergoing what from time to time in our literary history they have frequently undergone, a phase of neglect; and it is equally true that Mr. Arnold's lucid exposition of these principles, and the singularly fascinating style of the series of papers in which he illustrated them, gave a healthy stimulus and a true direction to English literary criticism, which during the twenty years now completed since the publication of the essays it has on the whole preserved. And to credit any writer with such an achievement as this is undoubtedly to concede his claim to a permanent place in the history of English letters.

It may be that Mr. Arnold would not have made that place higher or more assured by steadily pursuing his studies as a literary critic; but the virtual abandonment of these studies, so far at least as publication is concerned, during his later years, must always remain a matter of keen regret to all lovers of literature. There were so many subjects which he had touched so admirably and yet had only touched; so many on which he had

said his word, but not his last word. To take only one instance of our loss: it is now five-and-thirty years since, in the preface to the first collected edition of his poems, he instituted that subtle and penetrating comparison between the dramatic methods of Shakespeare and of the Greek tragedians. Nothing could be more striking and suggestive, nothing more excellently put than that criticism. Yet so far from exhausting the subject, which indeed is probably inexhaustible, it seemed merely to open the way into a wide and fruitful field of critical inquiry, which no one could have explored with so sure a foot as he. Yet from this exploration, as from so much other work for which he was uniquely fitted, Mr. Arnold, for the last ten years of his life, turned almost wholly away. And he turned away from it to devote himself, save for occasional and for the most part singularly ineffectual excursions into the domain of contemporary politics, to a hopelessly unpractical and almost visionary attempt to put the old wine of dogmatic Christianity into the new bottles of modern scientific thought.

Some years ago, on the occasion of the issue of a cheap reprint of "Literature and Dogma," I endeavored in the pages of this review to investigate the validity of Mr. Arnold's theories of Scriptural interpretation, and to estimate the amount of acceptance which they were likely to obtain from those whom it was his avowed desire, and whom he so strangely conceived it to be his special mission, to instruct. On the former of these two questions I find nothing now to add to the observations which I then made. I thought then, and I still think, and, what is more, I believe it to be the well-nigh universal opinion, that the critical canons by which Mr. Arnold sought to refine away what he regarded as the materialistic accretions on the creed of Christianity (but what are really of its essence as a definite system of doctrines derived from a supernatural origin and possessing a supernatural sanction), were valueless for any practical purpose. I thought, and still think, that the whole of his teachings on this subject were in part futile and in part superfluous; superfluous, because unneeded by those who have accepted with him the conclusions of modern science, and who, if they retain their belief in Christianity at all, are quite competent to devise their own "accommodations" for themselves; and futile, because assured of rejection by those who through ignorance of or repug-

nance to the scientific conclusions which are tending to destroy its supernatural element, still cling to their religion, "superstitions" and all. The assumption that there anywhere exists any considerable class of Christians in so curiously "mixed" a mental condition as to be at once anxious to reconcile the dogmas of their faith with the informations of their reason, unable to do it for themselves, and willing to allow others to attempt it for them, was in itself an assumption of a highly doubtful kind; but the idea that if there were such persons they would find anything specially persuasive in Mr. Arnold's method of reasoning with them, or even in his manner of approaching them, appears to me to have been a positively monumental instance of self-deception.

Our spiritual physician reversed the Scriptural precedent, and addressed himself not to the sick, but to the whole. The style, the argument, and, above all, the illustrations of a treatise avowedly addressed to persons still in the bond of servitude to a narrow and superstitious literalism, appeared, nevertheless, to presuppose the completest "emancipation" on the part of its readers. The babes and sucklings who were to be weaned from their superstition were fed with the strongest of strong meats by their instructor, and that too, apparently, in perfect good faith and with no sign of any suspicion of the weakness of their stomachs. An amusing illustration of this unconsciousness is to be found in the preface to the new edition of "Literature and Dogma," in connection with its author's astounding figure of "the three Lord Shaftesburys." "Many of those," observes Mr. Arnold, "who have most ardently protested against the illustration, resent it, no doubt, because it directs attention to that extreme license of affirmation about God which prevails in our popular religion, and one is not the easier forgiven for directing attention to error because one marks it as an object for indulgence. To protesters of this sort I owe no deference, and make no concessions. But the illustration has given pain, I am told, in a quarter where only deference, and the deference of all who can appreciate one of the purest careers and noblest characters of our time, is indeed due; and finding that in that quarter pain has been given by the illustration, I do not hesitate to expunge it." In other words, Mr. Arnold, finding that he has given offence by comparing the Trinity to "three Lord Shaftesburys," apologizes—to Lord Shaftesbury. To

the "protesters," who were certainly not thinking of Lord Shaftesbury when they resented the comparison, he thinks he "owes no deference," and will therefore "make no concessions." One is left wondering whether Mr. Arnold was really unaware of the susceptibilities and the persons he had wounded, or whether he purposely treated them with contempt. And in either case one wonders still more vehemently whether he was aware that the persons to whom he owed no deference and would make no concessions were, in fact, the very persons whom, if his teachings were to bear any fruit at all, he was bound, before all others, to conciliate. But either of the two explanations will equally entitle us to say that Mr. Arnold could have formed no adequate estimate of the fundamental conditions of success in the task which he proposed to himself.

As a critic of our social life and institutions, Mr. Arnold was doubtless more successful. No one can say that his delightful raillery was altogether thrown away upon its objects. Our "barbarians" are probably a little less barbarous, our "Philistines" a little more enlightened, for his pleasant satire. And those who could appreciate the temper of his literary weapon, and his matchless skill in using it, were able to watch the periodical performances for many years with almost undiminished pleasure. But it must be admitted, I think, that even as a social instructor he somewhat outstayed his welcome, and that even his most ardent admirers occasionally found their patience a little tried by him. His incessant iteration of his favorite phrases was, no doubt, a tactical expedient deliberately adopted for controversial purposes at the perceived expense of artistic effect. Mr. Arnold was well aware that to provoke, to irritate, is better for a disputant than to fail to impress, and he had no doubt persuaded himself that to get our social defects acknowledged and the proper remedies applied, it was necessary to be as importunate as the widow suitor of the unjust judge. It is true he does not tell us, in the admirable lines on Goethe which adorn the memorial verses to Wordsworth, that that "physician of the iron age" was *always* "striking his finger on the place," and saying, "Thou ail'st here, and here;" but Mr. Arnold had abandoned the methods and the vehicle of the poet—who speaks once for all with a voice whose echoes are undying—before he started in business as a reformer of his countrymen's manners and modes of thought. As

a prose physician, so to speak, he may have thought that his prescriptions needed to be dinned into the ears of the patient until he actually consented to try them. But a recognition of that fact only sets us inquiring what the value of the prescription is; and when we find ourselves assured that all the defects of the various classes of our society are to be corrected, and that all the unsatisfied claims upon them—the claim of beauty, the claim of manners, and all the rest of it—are to obtain their due satisfaction through a reform of our system of secondary education, we are irresistibly reminded of a homely apologue anent the superstitious value attached by a certain practitioner of a very ancient and respectable handicraft to the raw material of his industry. In this as in other matters we see how Mr. Arnold's persistent determination to play the constructive reformer—a part for which he had no natural aptitude—enticed him beyond the limits of that critical function in which his true strength lay.

But much as we may regret the perversity, if that be not too harsh a word, which directed so large a portion of Mr. Arnold's intellectual energies in later years away from the natural bent of his genius, it would be ungracious not to acknowledge the indirect benefit which arose from this very dispersion of the rays of that penetrating intelligence. He could not touch any subject without throwing some light upon it. Everything that he wrote was suggestive, if too little of it was satisfying; and though his determination to avoid the commonplace view of every subject was undoubtedly a snare—since the commonplace, and even what he would have called the Philistine view, is more often the true view than he was at all prepared to admit—it was also, and as undoubtedly, in many instances a source of strength. A deliverance of Mr. Arnold's on any question—social, moral, or political, as well as literary—was always the most admirable touchstone of received opinions. None of us could be quite sure of our reason for the faith that is in us on any matter till it had stood the test of his refined and searching criticism. More of us have been compelled by him than by any other writer of our age and country to review and revise our judgments upon most subjects of human interest; and not only the world of literature, but the infinitely larger world of unexpressed thought and feeling and unembodied imagination, is sensibly the poorer for his loss.

H. D. TRAILL.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

BY THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

THIS question interests, or ought to interest, all classes. Unfortunately, the question has been rendered distasteful to many who would otherwise give it candid consideration, by the stormy feebleness and not entirely Christ-like way in which it has been sometimes treated.

On this question, as on many others, the extremists have done harm. One section of writers, professing to honor God, have not fulfilled the law of Christ. Probably they have never understood it. The opposing extremists have not unfrequently exhibited an ostentatious readiness to insult the opinions, and—what is more dangerous—the sentiments of a people profoundly attached to ancient usage. The old and illogical arguments have been dressed up and used remorselessly. "It is ancient, and therefore venerable," has been answered by the plea, "Ancient usage is only a phrase for unreasoning prejudice." The law of Moses has been cited as though a prophet greater than Moses had never spoken. The argument from sacred considerations has been ignored, as though the great legislator of Israel had been an insignificant personage, and as though Christ's words, that the Sabbath was made for man, had no more than a negative meaning. The extremists ruin causes everywhere because they alienate the central portion of society. The issue is fought out between extremes. The disgust felt by reflecting men is counted selfish indifference by the fanatic and the partisan; Wisdom is obliged to cry in the street, because she is expelled from the houses of the Pharisee and the Sadducee.

Something better is wanted. A great question—and, rightly understood, the Sunday question is a great one—needs to be lifted into a higher region, and to be taken out of the hands of the hysterical and the heedless. We want calm, reverent, patriotic thinkers to take up this question; and, if I might venture to do so, I would earnestly appeal to those whose experience, knowledge, and unquestioned seriousness entitle them to speak, to give light and leading on this subject.

It will be admitted that Sunday is not regarded in some sections of society as it was a few years ago. Whether the change is for the better or the worse will be a matter of opinion. That the change, whatever it is, should be guided by ripe and considerate judgment, will be admitted.

Is the change for the better? To an-
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swer this it will be well to understand the nature of the change.

The following extract is from the *Daily Telegraph*, March 2, 1888. It occurs in an article on the "Sunday Question" which was written in anticipation of a discussion on the subject in the Convocation of Canterbury, and refers to a memorial presented to Convocation by the Bishop of Exeter:—

It will be open to the bishop, in support of his argument, to dwell upon newspaper descriptions of Sunday "Ten o'clocks," Sunday parades in Hyde Park, Crystal Palace Sunday dinners, an exhibition at the Yankeries, the Sunday before Ascot, set dinner parties with recitations and humorous songs by actors and actresses, supper parties, garden parties along the river Thames with sundry theatrical performances, punting on the Thames, the Church parade at Cowes, sparring matches at a club, Sunday sailings of pleasure-vessels, "Show" Sunday in the studios, smoking concerts, coach drives at Richmond and Hampton Court, lawn-tennis, dances, and so forth.

All these doings have been carefully chronicled, but it is possible that the Bishop of Exeter may defer his observations until his reply, as he has already spoken. Down to the present he has confined himself to the general principle that the loosening of the observance of the Lord's Day would eventually result in the working classes being obliged to labor seven days a week with a six days' wage. Any remonstrance, he said, from their lordships' House would awaken a strong echo from the poorer classes, and he deprecates the lapse into a French Sunday as tending to the breaking down of the sobriety of the English character.

In the debate which took place on that occasion, the Bishop of Exeter read the following extract from a newspaper:—

How many coaches went out of London this very last Sunday? As many almost as are built. There are still a few sticklers for puritanical propriety, who assemble their guests in obscure mews and leave London by depressingly low neighborhoods, in which they are not likely to encounter their friends; but, as a rule, the coaches make a bold show in Piccadilly on their way to Hampton Court and Richmond. There is now a club formed for the express purpose of driving to Richmond on a Sunday. Its members are miscellaneous maybe, though two-thirds are to be found without much trouble in "Burke" or "Debrett," and the tedium of the old Sunday is utterly lost on them. And, above all, London has the river, only of recent years opened to it on the Sunday any more than the Serpentine was till this summer, "Sunday up the River" being as much a recognized phrase now as the five-o'clock tea. Paddington is crammed with those intent on catching the early train to Maidenhead; Waterloo is packed

with those content to take the smaller and later journeys; and the river from Moulsey to Pangbourne is thronged. There once was a time when this would have been thought wrong, and even now there are those who would oppose the letting out of boats on the Serpentine to men who have no other chance of a holiday. The race of congenital idiots will in all probability never die out. A pull in a boat, a run through glorious scenery in a steam-launch, are not likely to do any one harm. And returning, one need not be bored of an evening, as was wont to be the fashion. At the New Club one can see plays; at the Pelican Club one can see boxing, and hear the pick of the music-hall talent. Sunday dances are now freely given. Some of the best little hops of this year have been given on the Sabbath, to say nothing of the charming entertainment at the Gaiety Theatre. For the present, at least, there is no need for spending the day in-doors in a discontented frame of mind, and retiring to bed early, morose and melancholy that there should have been such a day in the week as the old-fashioned Sunday.

In discussing the significance of the state of things here described, I propose to lay aside the more usual religious view. I desire to treat the subject from another standpoint, which I believe is ultimately a truly religious one. I do not propose to speak of what is called the desecration of the Sabbath. I may say, in passing, that I am profoundly convinced that it is fit and wise that a nation should recognize in some clear and unmistakable way the fact that it has a divine calling, and that it lives and acts within the laws and limits of the kingdom of God. But I do not, as I said, propose to speak of the desecration of the day, because, for the moment, I am thinking of the desecration of men's thoughts and characters.

There is one great law of a nation's life which can never be broken with impunity. It is the law which is expressed in three great words — duty, love, sacrifice. It is the law which was uttered by Christ when he said, "He that would be first among you, let him be the servant of all," and has been echoed back with joy by the lips of hundreds and thousands till it is at last accepted, in theory at least, by the whole world. It was adopted by Auguste Comte when he summed up his teaching in the borrowed words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It was formulated in another fashion by a genius as great as Comte, when George Sand wrote: "There is but one sole virtue in the world — the eternal sacrifice of self." This law, enunciated with such solemnity and accepted with practical unanimity, is essential to the social well-being of a great people.

To forget it is to disintegrate society. The man who forgets it desecrates himself.

Let us ask, On what principle is this Sunday question to be settled? Some claim that it shall be settled by the principle of individual freedom. "Every man is free and his conscience is responsible to God and himself. Sunday is a free day, and in a free land ought to be so. I may use it as I please. The offender against liberty is the sour-visaged Puritan who frowns upon my innocent pleasures, and who has the spirit, though not the power, of the tyrant. I claim to settle the Sunday question by the principle of individual freedom."

There is much in this plea. In England at least the reverence for individual liberty is so strong that an appeal based upon it is certain to meet with applause. It would moreover be a bad day for England were this principle to be trodden under foot. It is probably better to leave responsible beings free, even though they may not make the best use of their freedom, than to destroy their responsibility by depriving them of their freedom.

But though the principle of individual rights is a bulwark of liberty, it is not the only principle in the world; and it is not the principle from which the surest progress of a nation or of the world can be secured. Having granted the principle of individual freedom we have still to ask whether there is not a principle to guide the free man in the exercise of his liberty? It is in answering this question that the great law of love and sacrifice comes to guide us. Man is not man till he is free; but the nobility of the man who is free is tested by the way in which he uses his freedom. He shows himself worthy of his freedom when he resolves "by love to serve others," and to consecrate his liberty to the good of the community. In other words, the value of individual freedom is never more conspicuously seen than where it is used as the fulcrum of self-sacrifice. Man is greatest when, having received his freedom, he lays it freely down for the sake of others. He is then most truly saving his life in the seeming losing of it. He becomes chief in being the servant of all. The assertion of individual rights is the bulwark of freedom. The recognition of the duty of self-sacrifice is the guarantee of a people's power, for it witnesses to the greatness of their character. It was the remembrance of this which made Mazzini write: "Whoever examines things at all seriously will perceive that the doctrine

of individual rights is essentially and in principle only a great and holy protest in favor of human liberty against oppression of every kind. Its value, therefore, is purely negative. It is able to destroy; it is impotent to found. It is mighty to break chains; it has no power to knit bonds of co-operation and love.*

If this be true, I claim that the Sunday question ought not to be settled by the principle of individual rights. If on any question we have a right to plead that individual freedom should be used, not for self-gratification, but for social service, surely we have the right to do so on the Sunday question. Sunday is the nation's day much more than it is the individual's day. It is the day of all others on which may be found the noblest opportunities of sacrificing individual freedom for the good of others. It is the day on which the most scrupulous self-denial and the warmest neighbor-regarding love should be exercised. If in any sense it is God's day, it is the day on which that work of God, which is love and self-sacrifice, should be shown. As a day of national opportunity, it should be the day of individual self-denial on the part of all, and most of all on the part of those who have ample wealth and abundant leisure.

By the principle of service and love the Sunday question should be settled; and in the light of this principle we may consider the changes which are taking place in regard to the observance of the Sunday. One thing strikes us at once on reading the extracts we have cited. The descriptions of those Sunday pleasures suggest the possession of wealth. Men cannot indulge in Crystal Palace dinners, give dinner parties at which actors and actresses recite, or garden parties accompanied by theatrical performances, unless they have money at command. The steam-launch, the coaching excursions to Richmond, the lawn-tennis, the Pelican Club, do not altogether sound like the recreations of the classes to whom six days of prolonged labor is a sad and stern necessity. These are the pleasures of the rich, and not the recreations of the poor. Of those who indulge in them, we are told that two-thirds of their names occur in "Burke" and "Debrett." "Debrett" does not pause to chronicle the name of Adam Bede or Little Hodge; "Burke" does not stoop to register the abode or the lineage of the dock laborer, the hard-worked shopman, or the small city clerk.

So far as these are descriptions of amusements pursued by people of leisure, I cannot consider the change to be for the better.

Socially, it is not a change for the better. We may argue as we please about the innocency of this amusement or that on the Sunday, but we cannot argue away one fact, and that is that the enjoyment of one class can only be purchased by the toil of another. The pleasure of the rich means the labor of the poor. The uninterrupted continuance of these pleasures means the continuance also of the poor man's labor.

There may be many things lawful to the individual which are not lawful to the community. There may be many things which are no harm, as people say — meaning no harm to themselves — but which involve great harm to others. The man who realizes that Sunday is a day of opportunity for rest, recreation, and elevation will be the man who is readiest to deny himself rather than rob his brother man of that opportunity. Self-denial must be the rule for the community. Whatever tends to deprive others of their opportunity ought, as far as possible, to be avoided. A certain amount of labor I suppose there must be; but the labor should be reduced to the minimum. Self-denial is needed to do this. It should be practised by all; but, above all, it ought, for the love of humanity and for the love of God, to be practised chiefly and most scrupulously by those who, because of wealth and leisure, can command their pleasures and recreations six days out of seven. The rich should be foremost in this self-denial. Many would be glad to see picture-galleries and museums opened on Sunday if they could ensure the exclusion of the rich on that day. Many would be glad to see an earnest of sincerity given by those who advocate their opening for the benefit of the working classes in the organization of some plan by which the attendants and officials could be replaced for the Sunday by men of leisure and means. Some of these might well undertake the responsibility of guarding the galleries and museums during the hours in which they were open; and others who possess the requisite qualifications of knowledge, culture, and capacity of lucid exposition might well employ their time in explaining or describing pictures and objects of interest to the people who visited the museums. "In the interests of the working classes" is a good phrase; but our experience of things done in the

* Thoughts on Democracy, chap. ii.

interests of the working classes leads us to imagine that it is possible to do something under such a plea which turns out wholly to the increase of the pleasures of the rich and of the labors of the poor. It is not surprising that the working classes show little enthusiasm for efforts of this kind as long as there is any doubt about the nature of their interest in the movement.

The question of profit-making occupations enters here. It is true that there is compensation in everything, and that if Sunday pleasure means Sunday labor to the poor it means additional profit, which in hard times is most welcome. This must be admitted, but is it a gain without corresponding danger? The only protection of the working-man against the necessity for Sunday work lies in the prevention of any advantage of additional profit given to one trading class over another. The working classes have seen the importance of this point, and trades-union conferences have passed votes adverse to the opening of museums. Unquestionably they have been influenced much more by social than by religious considerations. They have seen that the increase of labor is threatened by the increase of pleasure.

If, therefore, in any way the change regarding the Sunday tends to bind the yoke of labor more closely on the neck of poverty, it cannot be regarded as a change for the better.

Again, the great law of mutual service cannot be broken with impunity. The increase of pleasures in a way which increases the labors of the poor, or robs them of their opportunity of rest, recreation, and worship, tends, as we might have expected, to the desecration of those who forget the duty of self-denial.

Sunday is a day which brings the opportunity of mental and moral elevation. I do not share the views of extremists. I cannot speak with authority on the economic aspect of the Sunday; but I think that the cessation of gain-getting pursuits on one day in seven is a protection against the tyranny of vulgar views of life. This is a gain. This is in itself a defence against that desecration of character which is inevitable when gain or enjoyment are made the ends of life. The existence of the Sunday is a witness that man has after all something else to think of and to strive for than the getting of money. England has been reproached with the strength and tenacity of its mercantile instincts. Would the reproach have been less or more merited had England allowed her instincts

full play every day in the year? Or has the existence of one day in which the need of money-making was forgotten tended to mitigate a passion which might have become a mania? It is, I suppose, quite certain that the perpetual concentration of thought on one topic disturbs the balance of the mind. The gold passion has ended in idiocy and in suicide. To deliver men for twenty-four hours from its bondage, or, if not to deliver, to give them at least the opportunity of such a deliverance, is surely an advantage to the mental health of a great people.

It is an enormous gain to have a day which gives the money-making man the opportunity of getting rid of the thoughts of money, and of having set before him the higher aims and purposes of existence. This, to him, is a gateway of escape from some of the vulgarizing influences which surround him. It is a gateway of escape, also, from the vulgarizing influences of the pursuit of pleasure. It is an enormous gain to have a day which gives an opportunity to the idle butterfly of society to remember that God made men and women, not to be butterflies, but by love to serve one another. There is enough frivolity in the world, and nothing so destroys kindly feelings, generous impulses, the capacity for self-denial, as the life of incessant frivolous pleasure. All that aspires within us dies out under the influence of a life devoted to pleasure. The apostle said truly, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." If the heart ceases to love, if compassion is no longer moved, if thoughtfulness for others vanishes, if the conscience is no longer uneasy about wasted hours, if the hunger to grow nobler and more useful has ended, if life, instead of being viewed as earnest and real, has sunk to the level of a masquerade, then all that is best and worthiest is dead. One of the best comments on the apostle's teaching is to be found in words written by Baron von Humboldt, and quoted by Baron Stockmar in a letter to the late prince consort: "Frivolity undermines all morality, and suffers no deep thought and no pure feeling to germinate. It may, no doubt, be combined with an amiable and gentle disposition, but in such a soul so constituted nothing can emanate from principle; and self-sacrifice and self-conquest are out of the question."*

To those whose only idea of pleasure is the pursuit of what is empty and frivolous

* Life of the Prince Consort, vol. i., p. 472.

the day of opportunity becomes a snare. Truly conceived, Sunday is the opportunity of cultivating what is higher in our natures. There is abundance of temptations and opportunities of cultivating the lower. But if the day of opportunity for this higher self-education is turned into a day of demoralizing frivolity; a day of amusement and pleasure to the wealthy and of harder work for the poor; a day in which principle is undermined, sturdy self-conquest rendered less possible, and self-sacrifice for the sake of others unfashionable, — then, little as I sympathize with rigid Sabbatarianism, I would prefer to become a grim Puritan rather than aid in any movement which weakened the moral fibre or rendered less keen the sense of brotherly love in the community.

To the rich and leisured classes I make appeal. There are thousands of things which doubtless you may do with a good conscience on Sunday. The day is free; it is to you, as it is to others, a day of opportunity. No man can judge for his brother. But, for the sake of the moral character of this great people, avoid all things which are mere emptiness. You despise the man who is vulgarized by the pursuit of money; but a man is no less surely vulgarized by the pursuit of pleasure. Let your occupations and pastimes be those which elevate the mind and refine the character; cultivate all that helps us out of the vulgarity of worldliness; and, to this end, cultivate reverence for the "unseen," for a man's life verily consisteth, not of the abundance of things which he possesseth, but of that unseen and priceless heritage, a spirit and character growing in obedience to the laws of the kingdom of God which is within you.

And as Sunday is a day of opportunity, let it be consecrated chiefly to the use and happiness of those whose opportunities of tasting of life's feast are few. On that day call not together your friends and your rich neighbors; open your hearts to the poor and the toil-worn. Let all that is best and brightest in life be on that day the portion of those who labor. Give them the opportunity of everything which can gladden and refresh them. Be scrupulous to rob them of nothing which may lift them heavenward. Show that you reverence them by showing that you think nothing too good for them. Show that you reverence life and life's higher possibilities by exerting strenuous self-denial for the sake of giving to God's poor the freest opportunities of recreation, cultivation, and worship.

From Temple Bar.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE HUNTINGTON.

I DO not think that any of the numerous photographs of Bishop Wilberforce ever did him justice. How should they? You may photograph a man's features, but you cannot convey much conception of his expression. And this was his special characteristic, that his countenance changed with every emotion as his thoughts passed rapidly from the grave to the gay and from the gay to the grave. Then, no one who had not seen and heard him could have an idea of the music of his voice, the charm of his conversation, or the fascination of his manners. "The 'open sesame' which Samuel Wilberforce was privileged to utter," says an old acquaintance, "could not be lent or parted with, it was an unique gift, to describe which we should coin a phrase and term it moral magnetism. It was a sympathy which not only drove him to open himself to the person with whom he was in communication, but which drew that person to the bishop's side and made him or her, in spite of self, co-operator in whatever Wilberforce pleased to set his conquered thrall upon." What Sir James Stephen says of his father is equally true of him. "By a force of decree preceding his birth, he came into the world predestined to be the centre of admiration and of love for the circle of associates in it. Nature herself endowed him with that genial warmth and graciousness of temper which, by a constant succession of spontaneous impulses, pours itself into all the channels of social intercourse. Towards all who approached him those kindnesses which, unless when innate, are unattainable, expanded with such a happy promptitude that, to borrow a well-known eulogy, he might have passed for the brother of every man and the lover of every woman with whom he conversed." The *Times*, in its obituary notice, recalled his large, comprehensive, and versatile intellect. The *Saturday Review* regarded him as having a weakness to be considered a diplomatist, whilst in reality he was the most transparent man in the world, without even the possibility of concealing his feelings. A man with such gifts was sure to be misunderstood, and people who did not know him thought his effusive manner, ready gush, and grip of the hand, given to strangers as well as intimates, signs of insincerity. But they were nothing of the kind;

they simply arose from his innate desire to please and be pleased. Faults he had, no doubt, but they were, for the most part, on the surface; he was ambitious, but what really great man is not? In these days one must to a certain extent be all things to all men; but I am persuaded that in his case it was not to the conscious sacrifice of principle.

He always greeted me as a brother Yorkshireman, and a Yorkshireman he was by family and descent, though not actually born in the Ridings. I spoke of myself to him as a native of Hull. "Hull," he replied, "is a sacred place to me," and truly; for nowhere else is the name of Wilberforce more honored. The house where his father was born is one of the few historic buildings still left there. It has long since been used for offices, but little altered, and may be seen for a trifling charge devoted to local charities. Visitors from all parts of the world go to see it, and Americans regard it with a veneration akin to what they feel for Shakespeare's house, and I dare say would carry it off bodily to New York or Washington. As a relic of days past and gone, it is worth a visit, with its brick frontage, marble floors, picturesque ceilings, and oak panels. It is just the kind of quaint mansions where the merchants lived, in the narrow, but once fashionable, High Street in my great grandfather's days, and which, there and elsewhere, are fast being swept from the face of the earth by the besom of destruction wielded by so-called improvers.

There too, abutting on the dock walls, and in the immediate neighborhood of St. John's Church, where for fifty-six years officiated a friend of the elder Wilberforce, the Rev. Thomas Dykes, familiarly known as "good old Tommy Dykes," grandfather of the late Dr. Dykes, "the sweet singer of Israel," composer of our best hymn tunes—there stands the tall column, almost as tall as the monument in London, erected to the memory of the emancipator of slaves. This column is surmounted by a figure whose position was made the subject of a joke in my schoolboy days. The statue faced some noted spirit-vaults, whilst behind it stood St. John's. Some sailors saw the tun of the thing and scribbled on the pedestal:

So, Billy Wilberforce, thou'st left us in the lurch,
Turned thy face to the ginshop and thy back to the church.

This distich was couched in still more

Chaucerian language; when I told it to the bishop he laughed heartily, and made me repeat it. I first met with Wilberforce in Hull. He was speaking at a missionary meeting, but whether of the C.M.S., or S.P.G., I cannot remember. He and his brother Robert were both archdeacons at the time but had not met since. So they greeted one another with outstretched palms, and Samuel exclaimed, "*Arcades ambo*, both archdeacons!" They looked very youthful in aprons and gaiters, with old Tommy Dykes seated between them on the platform. A Methodist who sat by me was wondering how they came to be called venerable, till I explained that it was the official title of an archdeacon. As an orator, in spite of some mannerisms, Bishop Wilberforce was, to my thinking, never surpassed certainly by any prelate of the Church of England. Yet I never thought that his printed sermons conveyed the same impressions. An old friend records his reminiscences in the *Church Quarterly*:—

Plainly to put the case, Bishop Wilberforce's countenance was so flexible that we fancy he did not himself always know what it was expressing. So, thoroughly to appreciate Samuel Wilberforce as an orator, mere familiarity with his words is quite insufficient. It requires the student to have been thoroughly familiar with his marvellous physiognomy in which pathos and humor seemed always to be strongly contending for the mastery, and frequently dividing the simultaneous expression. He must take in the colorless complexion; the cheeks in his later years too puffy; the flexible unheroic but most expressive nose; the fine brow; the sparkling, rapidly-moving eyes; and the mouth presenting in its amplitude an unparalleled organ for an unique voice.

At the Church Congress at Oxford, a lady by my side saw him take his place in the vice-chancellor's seat, into which he sat down so low as hardly to be seen. "*That the Bishop of Oxford*," she whispered, but when he began to speak she kept her eyes riveted on him, whilst with play of countenance, voice, and action, he rang changes on every note in the gamut of human feeling. It reminded me of what Boswell said of William Wilberforce. "I saw what seemed a mere shrimp mount upon the table, but as I listened he grew and grew till the shrimp became a whale." How he could carry an audience with him, and convert hisses into cheers, was seen at the meeting in St. George's Hall, Bradford, where an organized mob was got together to hoot him, as a supposed abettor of priestly confession against

which people were strongly declaring themselves. He simply addressed the audience as "brother Yorkshiremen," and appealed to their sense of fairness to give him a hearing as a son of the great apostle of freedom who had once represented their county. In his diary he refers to this gathering. "The meeting enormous and quite successful, God be praised." Not a word about the applause or the offer of the working-men to accompany him home as a guard of honor.

His reception at the Church Congress at Leeds was equally remarkable. What a push, to be sure, there was to get into the room where he was to speak! Grave archdeacons in aprons and gaiters, with their womenkind on their arms, were literally fighting to gain admission. A policeman said in my hearing, "Why, it beats Theäyter Royal." Party spirit was running very high, and we all felt it a point of honor to cheer our own men, but everybody cheered Wilberforce. An old-fashioned country parson sat next me, and we were each armed with a ponderous umbrella with which we thumped and thumped the floor till both were smashed; we looked each other in the face and laughed. Then the parson, who had resisted the enthusiasm for the bishop as long as he could, or as consistency demanded, sitting grimly silent, was at last carried away by the general feeling, and he and I rose simultaneously, cheered till we were hoarse, and clapped our hands till they were red and blistered. Then we shook hands and walked home together through the pouring rain, our gamps too far gone to be of any use. His greatest success was achieved at the working-men's meeting. Some one, I think it was Bishop Fraser, hinted that the people present were not working-men. Then a voice shouted for a show of hands. Seventy-five per cent. were lifted up. Then the courtly Wilberforce in episcopal evening dress, with the collar and ornament of the Garter, rose amid deafening applause.

There is hardly a family in the land that is such an out-and-out Yorkshire-blood family as mine is, and there in this town of Leeds, in its Cloth Hall and like places great triumphs were achieved, not only by but also for your representative in this county, which entitled him to stand up and say to one of the greatest interests in England: "You shall give up your inhuman prey; the slave shall be free."

Again on the fight for shorter hours of labor, in which he and Shaftesbury stood side by side,—how he spoke to them of the real use to be made of their opportu-

nities, of the dignity of labor. Or again at Wolverhampton, what a chord he touched, and how it vibrated from heart to heart when he said, "Every man who understands what it is to labor, if it is only the putting of a pin's head on the top of a pin, if he does that work as to the Lord, is doing the very thing the angels are doing in Heaven. He is doing the work God gave him to do."

He was once hissed on another and very different occasion. It was at a great demonstration in favor of Church and State, then threatened by Mr. Gladstone's resolution on the Irish Church. It was a very large assemblage, with four archbishops, four dukes, eighteen earls, four viscounts, twenty-one bishops, and twelve barons present. The bishop was received with great cheering and a few hisses—on referring to the latter he said:—

If my friends in the body of the hall would take no more notice than I do of the *sibilant geese* who are giving vent to their natural utterance, we should be able to go on with the business of the meeting; but if those sibilant persons think that I am so young that their inoffensive noise can stand in the way of my speaking upon this resolution, I can tell them they have mistaken their man.

An eye-witness told me that his look of withering contempt combined with the way in which he pronounced the words italicized, especially the *s*, was marvellous, and silenced the "geese" in a moment.

I was present the first time he preached in Manchester Cathedral, and happened to be alone in the Chapter House when he arrived. So he asked me, "Whom have I got to preach to?" I told him, "Before you is the largest assembly of working-men in the north of England, unless in the Parish Church of Leeds; on the left, wealthy merchants and manufacturers; on the right, the boys of Chetham's Hospital." He had a word for all. In his journal he writes, "Cathedral crowded, four thousand present, collected £150 for S.P.G., which they thought immense." But he does not say how a worthy alderman of the civic type, "and fair round belly with good capon lined," rushed up the Chapter House steps with a cheque for £100 in his hand, saying, "I must see the Bishop of Oxford." And see him he did with the avowal that he had never given a penny to missions before. Five years later when we were all settling in committee who should entertain distinguished visitors to the Church Congress, the alderman pleaded to have the Bishop of Oxford. He might have gone further and fared

worse, for the alderman was noted for his good dinners and wines, and for his peaches, which, so I was told, cost him a guinea apiece.

At that congress he spoke to the working-men at their special meeting. Although it was a very rainy evening, the Free-Trade Hall was crammed. As it often happened, Wilberforce was rather late, so he tried to make his way to the platform unobserved. But no, thank you, they got sight of him and rose in a body, shouting at the top of their voices, "Bishop of Oxford! Bishop of Oxford!"—waving their hats and handkerchiefs over their heads. A local orator was speaking, and speaking well, but in spite of the chairman's (Bishop Lee) efforts to get him a continued hearing, the interruptions increased till some one bawled out, "We've not come to hear thee, S—, we can hear thee any day, mun! We've come to hearken to Bishop o' Oxford." Wilberforce kept his seat till the noise becoming deafening, and the people clamorous, he rose and begged them to listen to the then speaker. But no, him they would hear and no one else. So he stood up and made a speech showing how thoroughly he knew and understood their trials and difficulties. Then, when "the three times three"—the whole assembly rising—were over, he sat down and seemingly went to sleep. But it must have been a cat's sleep, for when one of the local members of Parliament, a large employer of labor and a munificent founder of churches and schools, at the request of those present, asked his lordship to sum up the speeches and discussion, he did it in such a way as to show that he had not lost a word, and did not leave a single point untouched.

I do not suppose that there ever was a man with more imitators, some of whom only got hold of his mannerisms. But as T. Mozley says in his "Reminiscences of Oriel:"—

Mannerism of any kind, not the less if it be the mannerism of genius and goodness, perpetuates and propagates itself till it becomes an institution. A very marked voice will survive long in a household, in a choir, or even in a small congregation, so that its owner will be heard long after he has departed. All this shows the great and mysterious power of that human voice which is the most perfect of all instruments, the loss by the want of it, and the mischief done by its imperfections. Strange it is that when voice is such a power and has been so in all ages, from the "falling flakes" of Ulysses to this day, it should be so little cultivated.

On the whole, I think that long-suffering congregations were benefited by the Wilberforian imitators; they might "mouth" a little, but they aimed high when they set before themselves such a model, and the higher you aim the better it is for you. Besides which there can be but one Wilberforce in a generation.

Why a man so eminently fitted for the post was never made Archbishop of York can never be satisfactorily accounted for. Julius Hare always prophesied that he would go to Canterbury, Dr. Hook openly proclaimed Oxford for Canterbury, and I suppose it is an open secret that he was recommended for the northern primacy by Lord Palmerston. Some say the queen would not accept him because of the part he took in the Hampden controversy, but no one can tell. I happened to be staying at a mutual friend's, and heard what actually did take place. Archbishop Longley did write to him to say that he had been selected. Every one congratulated him; then by the next post a letter came acquainting him with the real state of the case. "Ah, it is a wicked world," was his sole comment. Some one asked him, "Who is Dr. Thomson?" "One of my former curates." Wilberforce was bitterly disappointed. His family traditions, his courtly manners, his marvellous tact, his familiarity with society, would have well fitted him to cope with the aristocratic and somewhat marked exclusiveness of Yorkshire nobility and gentry, while his other qualities suited the intelligent working classes. No one, however learned or clever, could make up for the loss, for he would have given as much life to the diocese and province as he did to his own former sphere at Oxford.

What a power of work he possessed, too! "He could go on working," said Canon Ashwell, "at the top of his power, hour after hour, through the day and the night, and think no wearying trouble about details a hindrance to be put aside." Again and again, throughout his diaries, he appears as attending business meetings in London during the whole morning, then by railway to some church-opening, or school-opening, or stone-laying in his diocese, then by railway to some dinner-party, perhaps in Staffordshire or Gloucestershire, where he would meet some one he desired to see; then, at midnight, go to his room and write replies to his day letters until 2 A.M., and still, at that hour, dash off to some private friend an account of the evening's incidents and conversation, and, as often as not, add a postscript

to the epistle in the carriage which next morning conveyed him to an 8 A.M. train for his return to London, work, and business.

Three lady friends of mine were travelling with him in a carriage on the Great Western Line, and hoped to share his conversation; but after an exchange of courtesies, he handed to one the *Times*, to another, the *Illustrated London News*, to the third, *Punch*. "Now," said he, "I must write my letters," and he wrote on to the end of the journey. Nor could he even then escape notice, for as the train drew up to a station, he overheard a working-man say to one of his chums, "I say, Bill, there's 'Soapy Sam' in the next carriage. I should like him to tell us the road to Heaven." The bishop put his head out of the window. "So, my men, you want to know the way to Heaven. You just take the first turn to the right, and keep straight on." I suppose everybody knows that he got that *sobriquet* from his own initials as founder, and Alfred Potts's as first principal, appearing on either side of a porch at Cuddesdon College. No one, however, saw how the words stood in combination (SOAP), till the bishop's own quick eye detected it. During his great intimacy at court, this name expanded into "Windsor Soap." A child once asked him why he got his nickname. "Because," he replied, "I have so much dirty work to do and I always come out of it with clean hands."

His faculty of telling stories was well known, but not, perhaps, the way he could relate ghost stories. To tell these, he would sometimes sit up till one or two in the morning, when the very hair of the heads of his auditors would stand on end, like the quills of the fretful porcupine, *vox faucibus hæsît, steteruntque comæ*. Once or twice he so sat up with the late Rev. Dr. Neale, a firm believer in, and an excellent retailer of, such marvels. Neale told me the following story on the bishop's authority, though I am not sure that he was right in believing that it happened to Wilberforce himself, for, after the witching hour, the imagination may sometimes get the better of the memory.

The bishop, or somebody else—we will give the reader the benefit of the doubt—was sitting up after midnight in a country house where he was a guest, after the family had retired to rest, when a spectral visitor made his (or its) appearance, in the form of an ecclesiastic, clothed in an antiquated sort of garb. Wilberforce, or whoever it was, adjured

the sprite in the orthodox form, *in nomine*, etc., etc., to avow his errand. Then the troubled spirit deposed that he had not destroyed a written confession made to him whilst in the flesh, which had inadvertently been placed between the leaves of an old tome of casuistic theology then and there to be found on the shelves of the library where the two, one in and the other out of the body, were. The restless sprite urged his listener at once to destroy this document, which it need not be said was immediately done. Then the ghost disappeared, and never again disturbed the household.

Like every one of his poetic temperament, Wilberforce was an ardent admirer of nature. Whenever he went from home, his letters were full of descriptions of the scenery. Nothing escaped him, whether abroad, in Wales, or his own beautiful Sussex. He loved animal life, not simply as a naturalist, but as observing the habits, and dispositions, and instincts of birds and beasts. He liked them as Bishop Thirlwall did, or as Kingsley did, from an *Æsopian*, rather than from a scientific point of view. He would delight in watching the rare instincts of the rooks, as they set up their strange colonies, and the herons, as they flew backwards and forwards to supply their young.

My friend the Rev. C. M. Phelps, one of the most enthusiastic naturalists in south Wales, tells me that while a school-boy at Tenby in 1854, he was one day searching for shells and crustaceans at low tide near St. Katharine's Rock, when a gentleman, accompanied by two lads, came up and entered into conversation, asking him a good many questions about a certain species of shellfish, and other marine animals. The boy answered as best he could, for he was rather awed by the courtly bearing of the questioner. Two days after, however, he saw the stranger assisting Bishop Thirlwall in the consecration of the new cemetery, and heard him in the evening astonish the natives by a magnificent speech at a S.P.G. meeting. He then found that he had been chatting with the Bishop of Oxford, and that the lads by his side were his two sons, one the present Bishop of Newcastle, the other Canon Wilberforce. Recalling the circumstance, my informant says he should never forget the gossip about Wilberforce as a supposed Puseyite, the suspicion with which they regarded the order of the Garter he wore as a piece of ritualism, nor the contrast between his musical intonation and bright eloquence.

and the sonorous utterances of Bishop Thiriwall, nor the way in which he carried the whole audience with him.

His domestic pets loved him as much as his cottagers and laborers did. For it must not be forgotten that he was a country squire, as well as a bishop—the owner of Lavington in Sussex, a property inherited from his wife's family. It is said that he was, at first, not a little put out by the rude manners of the rustics. So as they knew nothing of politeness, he showed them that he did. Accordingly, whenever he met them, he took off his hat to them. Had his courtesy, I wonder, the same effect it had on an occasion when about to walk in procession to the consecration of a cemetery, some roughs determined to oppose his progress? "Gentlemen," said he, politely raising his cap, "I have been requested to ask the protection of an extra guard of constables for myself and my friends here, allow me to place myself and them under *your* protection." I do not profess to quote the exact words, but the effect was instantaneous. The roughs went with the robed ecclesiastics as a guard of honor, took off their hats, and attended respectfully to the service. Wilberforce thanked them, and shook hands.

He rather plumed himself on remembering faces, and justly so. One day, however, he received a somewhat rude shock. A Hampshire lout, I do not know a better word, appeared in a country church among the candidates. The bishop felt sure he had confirmed him before, so he leant over and said very softly, "My boy, I think I have confirmed you before." The lad opened his great wide eyes and replied, "You be a liar." Wilberforce knew that this was only the ordinary way a clown knew how to deny what was not true. So he was told to kneel down, and he was confirmed.

He was engaged in giving away prizes at a middle school where there were master and mistress of unusually high qualifications. A speech was made in which the excellences of the master were duly mentioned but nothing said of the mistress. Some one reminded the speaker of the omission, so with ready tact he said, "Every one here knows that *homo* includes woman. So what I said of the head master is equally applicable to the head mistress."

In a village school he was giving a lesson on Jacob's ladder and the angels, and then invited any child present to ask a question, whereupon an ingenuous lad

asked how it was the angels wanted a ladder when they had wings. The questioner was a little nonplussed, but wanting to know what was floating in the children's brains he called up a little chap, and said, "Tommy, can you explain that?" "I suppose," said the urchin, "cos they was a-moulting." A little girl was found after church with her pet dog and cat perched up on a chair, whilst she was solemnly reading her New Testament aloud. "Don't you know?" said she, by way of explanation, "the bishop told us to preach the gospel to every creature. Isn't a dog or a cat a creature?"

Some village children were observed by him making mud pies. "Well, my little men," said he, "and what are you doing there." "We're making a church, sir." "Oh, a church, are you, but where's the parson?" "There ain't mud enough to make him, sir," said an urchin.

A parson asked leave to put up a curtain to hide the baldness of the eastward wall of his church, but he feared some aggrieved parishioner might discern a rag of Popery in it. Wilberforce thought the objection absurd, and wrote back: "Dear —, I'm in a great hurry. Hang the curtains!"

Another parson of no good reputation complained to the bishop that some one had maligned him to the bishop. To this the bishop replied, "Rev. Sir, no one has maligned you." Apparently the sarcasm missed fire, for the parson showed the letter round as a testimony to character.

George Cruikshank is the authority for the following story, told to a friend by an elderly clergyman. The guests were playing at rhymes where certain words were given out to be made into couplets. The two words were cassowary and Timbuctoo. They puzzled Cruikshank, who passed them on to Wilberforce. This was his impromptu:—

If I were a cassowary,
On plains of Timbuctoo,
I'd eat up every missionary,
Black coat and hymn-book too.

Then there is the Blenheim story, about who should drive and who should walk to church. Palmerston and the host passed Wilberforce and his companions walking under their umbrellas, for it had come on to pour with rain. So the premier put his head out of the carriage window, and said,

How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk.

To which Wilberforce responded. —

Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

A propos of the Psalms, the Baroness Burdett Coutts was driving him out towards Colombia Market when something brought up the word drysalter. "Does your lordship know what a drysalter is?" said the lady. "Certainly," replied Wilberforce. "Tate & Brady." By the way, he might have been excused if he had not known, for at a ball in Manchester, a young lady who had been introduced to a very eligible partner engaged in that then lucrative business asked a cavalry officer with whom she was dancing, "What is a drysalter?" The soldier pulled his moustache and said, "A wholesale pickle-merchant, I presume."

Wilberforce was once told by his secretary, on the lookout, as is the wont of secretaries, for fees, "Mr. So-and-so must have a license for non-residence, my lord, for there is no parsonage house." Quoth the bishop, "He must have nothing of the kind, if there is no house, how can he want a license not to live in it?"

He could be good-humoredly sarcastic at times. He had been much bored by some tedious talkers at a clerical meeting, whereupon a friend congratulated him on his patience. "Well, you know," he replied, "one of the duties of a bishop is to suffer fools gladly."

I met him at Whitby shortly after the passage of arms between him and Lord Westbury. Some time after, the two antagonists met on a not very auspicious occasion, for it was at the entrance of the House of Lords, just after the chancellor had given up the great seal. Lord Westbury remarked, "I felt inclined to say, 'Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?'" Said Wilberforce, "I was never so tempted in my life to finish the passage, but I kept it down and asked, 'Does your lordship remember the end of the quotation?'" "We lawyers," curtly responded Westbury, "are not in the habit of quoting part of a sentence without knowing the whole." "No doubt," says the bishop, "he went home and looked it out in his family Bible, where he would see, 'Yea, I have found thee because thou hast sold thyself to work iniquity.'"

With all his energy and activity he was not the most punctual of mankind, and sometimes kept the services as well as the soup waiting. On his way to a confirmation at High Wycombe as he was riding along, some distance from the town, thinking over what he should say to the candidates, he was startled out of his reverie

by hearing the bells chime. It was in vain to hope to be in time if he kept to the turnpike road; but his quick ear and eye told him there must be a shorter cut over the fields. At this juncture up rode the parish doctor on his rounds. The doctor raised his hat; the bishop raised his and asked, "Is there not a nearer way to Wycombe across the fields?" "Yes, my lord, if you are up to your fences." "Thank you," and putting his horse to a gate, the bishop cleared it at once, rode "'cross country," as the fox-hunters say, and arrived at his destination at a hand-gallop, to the amazement of the churchwardens who were anxiously looking out for him.

I told this to a friend. "Ah," said he, "but what was that to what happened to the Rev. Septimus Hansard? He had promised to preach for Charles Kingsley, whose curate he once was, and missed his train. There was nothing for it but to drive, so Hansard rushed to an inn and called out: 'Horses here, quick, bring me all the horses you have got.' Well and good! grooms and ostlers were on the alert, and in a few minutes up drove a coach and four in which the preacher took his place and arrived at Eversley to the infinite amusement of the Hampshire urchins."

No doubt he had his faults; who has not? but his old friend Dr. Hook, in a thoroughly appreciative article in the *Quarterly Review*, says very justly:—

Those only who were admitted into the Bishop's confidence, or at least had often seen him in private, are qualified to speak of his actual character. He had a facility alike in assuming and in throwing off the burdens of his office and station which might easily mislead. To see him at his own table for instance, surrounded by twenty or thirty guests, and still more to hear him, a stranger might have gone away and remembered him only as a brilliant talker, a delightful companion; and straightway jumped to the conclusion that it was only for his "convivial qualities" that the Bishop of Oxford was chiefly conspicuous. No one who really knew him could make so complete a mistake. But it may readily be granted that the Bishop was at no pains to put the rank and file of his acquaintance on the right scent. He was the best of table-talkers. At dinner he would partake freely of the good things before him. His vivacity increased as the entertainment proceeded. He had an endless flow of anecdote. His power of repartee was marvellous. When he was *sure* of his company he would not only be confidential but unguarded to a degree. . . . His habit at his own table (by the way he always sat in the *middle* of it) was to gather in front

of him and at his right and left the choicest spirits present, and to station one of his lieutenants at either extremity of the hospitable board, with an injunction to them to keep the company at that end entertained. The hilarity of those gatherings was sometimes extraordinary, and the almost *boyish* spirits with which the Bishop would throw himself into the topic of the moment, as already hinted, was pretty sure to mislead a superficial observer.

But as his friend reminds us on one of these occasions, and it was only a type of many others : —

Wilberforce had been hard at work for nine hours and had still "a little thing" to do before he could go to dress. He looked thoroughly fagged. On reappearing in the drawing-room, however, a more entire contrast can hardly be imagined. He looked at least ten years younger. Every mark of thought and care had vanished from his brow.*

One longs for a Boswell to take down only a few specimens of his table-talk, for as many stories have been fathered on him as used to be told of Rowland Hill or as are now told of Spurgeon.

Here are one or two from eye and ear witnesses however.

A lady, an enthusiastic teetotaller, was airing her theories on the non-use of all intoxicating drinks. "But, my dear madam," argued Wilberforce, "you must admit they are all the gift of God and to be used with moderation." "Would you say that," said the lady, with marked emphasis on the, to her, dreadful monosyllable, "of gin?" "Yes," was the reply, "if it was good gin."

He was seated by a parson's wife who was helping him for the second time to a particularly nice salad. So he said to her, "Your husband must be a happy man to have such a caterer as you." Now, as it happened, the parson himself was a bookworm who did not even know what was set before him, and there he sat prosing on quite oblivious of the un replenished plates of his guests. The lady looked across the table. "My husband?" said she, "why, he never knows what he eats; he would never know the difference if that salad were dressed with *castor oil*." "What, *never*?" said the bishop looking her in the face.

Another lady, rather noted for her little exaggerations, was relating some of her experiences — real or imaginary. His reply was equally concise — "*Really!*"

* Dean Burgon has avowed his authorship of this article (Q. R., Jan., 1880), in "Crockford," and it is an open secret that he is preparing an abridged but original "Life of Wilberforce;" he is sure to do it well.

The French duke's "*Est il possible?*" was nothing to it.

A constant guest at Wilberforce's table tells me that he never but once saw him "taken aback." He had been telling one of his best stories when some one from the end of the table called out: "Ha! ha! ha! we've heard that tale so often." It was hard to say who was more distressed, the host or the guests.

Here is one of innumerable instances of his pleasant way of doing things. He was finishing up a hard day's work of preaching and confirming by taking refreshment at a country house, surrounded by numerous guests, when he happened to catch sight of a young married lady, cheaply but very gracefully dressed, seated at the furthest end of the room. He asked who she was, and on being told that she was the wife of a poor curate in the neighborhood he made his way to her as soon as he entered the drawing-room, and drew her into conversation. "What do you do to help your husband?" "I teach in the schools, my lord." "Anything else?" "Yes, I help him to look after the sick and poor." "Anything else?" "Yes, I make my own clothes and mend his." "Anything else?" "Yes, I get up his linen, and iron his neckties." Wilberforce said nothing at the time, but he made special inquiries as to both the parson and his wife, and a week or two after a letter arrived from him addressed to the lady. "My dear Mrs. —, — The living of — is vacant, and from what I hear of you and your good husband, I think it is just the place for you. Will you ask him to do me the favor to accept it, and tell him from *me* he is indebted to *you* for it? — Yours faithfully, S. O."

Dean Burgon's sketch is full of lively anecdotes which I hope he may reproduce in his projected life. It would be a rich boon, and the more so because in spite of his unbounded admiration for his subject he is alive to his real defects — his too great persuasiveness, his too great fertility in expedients, his too great fondness for being all things to all men.

One story he will, I hope, pardon my repeating here.

Once having to preach at a church in Regent Street, on arriving at the door, Wilberforce encountered his friend Mrs. A. in the act of returning to her carriage. "What? going away?" "Only because I can't get in." "Do you mean that you really *wish* to stop?" "I came on purpose." "Then take my arm." The crowd at the door was excessive. At last the beadle appeared; to whom the Bishop

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in his blandest manner, "You will be so good as to give this lady the best seat in the church." "Impossible, sir. Church quite full." The Bishop calmly, but with emphasis, repeated his orders. "Quite impossible," repeated the beadle. "I tell you, sir, the church is full." "Oh, but," was the rejoinder, "I won't preach if you don't." This alarming threat at once opened Bumble's eyes. "Oh, I beg your pardon, my lord" (winking), "this way, *Marm*," and he deposited Mrs. A. in the churchwardens' luxurious empty pew under the pulpit.

This is not the place to intrude into his inner life. Nor again into his domestic relations, the lifelong love he bore to the memory of the wife of his youth — so like that of his royal mistress to her husband, the affection of his children or the devotion of his servants. As a literary man he did not leave very much behind him; but his "Words of Counsel" will be prized, especially by those who were privileged to hear them. It is now known that the publishers of this magazine wished to entrust him with the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury." I think that he wisely declined in favor, as it turned out, of one much more competent for such an undertaking, the late Dean Hook. He also at the queen's request reviewed the "Early Years of the Prince Consort," in the *Quarterly Review*, in which he judiciously regarded it less from a purely literary point of view than, as he put it, "as a cry from her heart for her people's sympathy." The anonymous character of this contribution was, however, so well kept that it is amusing to find him saying, "The review in the *Quarterly exactly (sic)* describes my view."

His character ripened with years, and he seems to have had presentiments that the end was at hand. The tenderness and seriousness of his journal and letters became more marked towards the close, though these qualities had never been wholly absent. His last Lavington sermon was from the words, "Peace I leave with you;" his last words to an aged member of the rector's family, "Good-bye, remember, my peace I give unto you," and to the rector himself, a comparatively young man, "Good-bye, dear old fellow, God bless you." The dear old lady said on parting, "I am afraid you will be tried with your confirmations." To which he answered, "Who knows whether my Master wants me to finish them?" A month later he wrote, "I feel that the end is near, and yet I never felt better."

And it was near indeed. On the 19th of

July, 1874, a fated Saturday, he was riding with Lord Granville, enjoying his brilliant conversation, and mounted on a favorite mare belonging to Lord Granville. He observed, "With such a horse and with such scenery I could ride on forev——" He fell before the sentence was finished.

With heart and intellect and eye as keen
As they had ever been,
Noting each shrub upon the way
That summer day,
With bright enjoyment in that pleasant hour
Of every mental power.
All thoughts as full as ever was his mood
Of active good,
The Bishop rode a pace or two ahead
A dear old friend — one thud upon the ground
There lay the Bishop dead.
Dead, surely no, but sleeping, such calm smile
Upon his face the while
Of peaceful "satisfaction" one could trace.
Sure one might dare
To say, no bitterness of death was there,
Not dead, but sleeping, only to awake
When the last trump shall earth's foundation
shake
And Christ, redeemed in glory rise — till then
In pace requiescat. Amen. (T. R. J. L.)

Well might Carlyle say, when the tidings reached him, "What a glad surprise!"

What was thought and said of Bishop Wilberforce by such men as the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Carnarvon, and Lord Cairns may be seen at the end of the third volume of his life. But friends naturally speak kindly of their intimates in the presence of death, and observe the kind old rule, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Has posterity endorsed or is it endorsing these opinions? Certainly Dean Burgon in the article in the *Quarterly Review* more than does so. Not so the *Edinburgh* reviewer, who says that "the mischief of the publication of the diary and letters can never be repaired, and ought to have been foreseen." I am bound to say that I do not agree with him, and I do not believe that "it has cast a permanent shadow over the memory of the great bishop." His were after all, as the Dean of York puts it, "the failings of a noble nature and the infirmities of a noble mind."

From The Argosy.
THE EMPRESS VICTORIA OF GERMANY.

THE younger generation are not so rich in memories of the past as their elders — hence they have no personal recollec-

tions of the empress Victoria of Germany, when she, as child and maiden, lived in our midst and made herself a place in the hearts of her mother's subjects.

No child was ever surrounded with more love and tenderness from the day of her birth than was the princess royal. And well for her that it was so; for with her characteristics, her special talents, and her stern sense of right and wrong, neglect and harshness would have made her too determined, too hard and cold, and her great cleverness, without its robe of gentleness, would have made her life a lonely one.

No parents, whatever their rank in life, could have been more solicitous for their child's welfare than were those of the princess royal of England. They fostered the good in her; educated her with a thoroughness which would have seemed wonderful in a previous generation; watched over her recreation and her games; chose her teachers and her servants with every care, and presided over her studies and directed every step of her progress. Every half-hour had its set duty, and from her earliest days she was the constant companion of her father, which was an education in itself.

It was the habit of the queen to read daily a few verses of the Bible to her little daughter, and on one occasion she came to the verse "And God made man in his own image," when either the child's artistic nature rebelled, or a vein of humor was touched, for she exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, surely not the doctor!" who, it seems, was a very ugly man.

With the cottagers on the Balmoral estate she was quite at home, and an immense favorite; she became familiar with their every-day life, and nothing delighted her more than tying on an apron and stirring the porridge-pot.

One poor Scotchwoman, who was a great favorite of the princess's, had a baby whom the royal child took under her protection, and as the time for the christening drew near, begged that she might stand godmother.

The day and hour being fixed, the priest, the baby and all its belongings, were assembled in the Presbyterian Church, but no royal godmother put in an appearance, so another godmother was selected from among those present and the ceremony proceeded. It was almost concluded when the princess came in breathless, saying, "Oh! I am so sorry! Could you not do it over again?"

When she was eight years old, the late

emperor, then prince of Prussia, paid a visit to our queen. With him (her future father-in-law) the child became a great favorite; she walked, rode, and drove with him, and there can be no doubt that the first idea of a marriage between her and the young heir of Prussia crossed the minds of the parents, though no expression was given to it.

De Bunsen, on the contrary, asserts that the first suggestion of a union between the two was made in the following manner by his father:—

The princess—now dowager empress—Augusta came to England in 1852 to see her aged relative the queen dowager, and it was while waiting for the princess in an ante-room that he, De Bunsen's father, amused himself by looking over some beautiful engravings which had been sent for the princess to select from.

Amongst others, he was struck with a very fine picture of Waterloo and the farmhouse of La Belle Alliance, from which the Belgians have named the battle, in the foreground.

Seeing several portraits of the princess royal and of Prince Frederick about the room, he hastily placed one of each over the large engraving of the battle as he quitted the table to bow to her Royal Highness, Princess Augusta. The first thing, therefore, that attracted her attention were the smiling faces of the prince and princess under which was written in large characters "La Belle Alliance." It is said that a rapid glance was exchanged between them, but no word spoken.

Of course it was but natural that there should have been many suitors for the hand of our princess; and it is believed that had the king of Sardinia been a Protestant he would have had the best chance, for Prussia at this time did not stand well with England, having given offence during the Russian war; and it is said that but for the ingredient of Protestantism, Prince Frederick would scarcely have gained his suit. But surely England would have put politics on one side when she saw the strong affection existing between the prince and princess. We are a sentimental nation, and rejoice in a love match.

In the several visits paid by Prince Frederick to the English court he made himself very dear to the queen and Prince Albert, and popular personally with the people.

It was when the princess was fifteen that he asked permission to press his suit, but Prince Albert, though giving his full consent and that of the queen, did not like

his child to be disturbed previous to her confirmation, and begged he would delay his declaration of love to the princess, if possible, until that should have taken place.

But the princess, who was very observant, saw that there was a secret, and soon heard from the prince's lips what it was. He told his tale on an old bridge while walking out with her, presenting her at the same time with a spray of white heather, that emblem of purity and good luck; and so it happened that the heir to the Prussian throne left Balmoral on the 1st October, 1855, an engaged man, he being twenty years of age and she fifteen.

The engagement, however, was to be kept a strict secret, because of the bride's youth. It was the old, old story, as full of romance in the palace as in the cottage.

On returning to Berlin after his engagement, his father asked him what he really thought of his future bride. The answer the prince made was a very earnest one, coming as it did from so young a man.

"In my position," he said, "and with my future destinies, my special duty is to consider the mind, character and tendencies of my future consort infinitely more than external appearance. The latter won my heart, the former my admiration and profound respect. They are such as will, I think, ensure my domestic happiness, and win for us both the love and esteem of the Prussian nation."

During the two years which intervened between the engagement and the marriage, the prince paid several short visits to England, and was as much like any other lover as well could be. In his absence the princess went about charming every one by her sweet and kindly manner. As an illustration of this I give the following.

About nine o'clock one cold, foggy morning in February, a royal carriage drew up to the Mint on Tower Hill, and out stepped the princess royal, followed by a lady and two gentlemen. At this hour none of the principal officers had arrived, and the only person there happened to be Mr. Newton, the senior officer on duty, therefore on him devolved the duty of conducting her and her companions through the coining-rooms, and explaining the various processes through which the metal passed.

Not having much knowledge of court etiquette, Mr. Newton felt very much embarrassed in addressing the princess, and seeing this she said in the kindest manner, "Will you please to waive all ceremony, and treat me exactly as you would

any lady friend of your own who had called unexpectedly and wished to study the art of money-making."

This kind, frank speech put Mr. Newton at his ease, and he says a more agreeable task he never had than in giving the crown-princess lessons in the method of converting precious metals into current coin of the realm. On leaving she thanked him very much and said, "I shall never spend a sovereign again without thinking of you and the trouble you take in making money for the public."

The marriage took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, in the winter of 1858. The princess had eight bridesmaids, who were also her intimate friends. Their costume, which was of white tulle with wreaths and bouquets of roses and white heather, was designed by the princess herself, and gave proof of her good taste and artistic skill.

Her own dress was of white moire, trimmed with Honiton lace and bouquets of orange-blossom and myrtle; her veil, also, was of Honiton, the pattern being the rose, shamrock, and thistle.

The newly married pair spent the first few days in Windsor, but on the 2nd of February, eight days after the wedding, the princess royal took leave of father and mother and the home of her childhood, and with her husband began the journey which was to take her to another land and people, and to an entirely different home life from that she was leaving.

Prussia, in the centre of which the newly married pair were to establish their home, was then as now, a highly intellectual but above all a military nation, a nation with an unbounded belief in its own superiority over other nations.

Perhaps it is owing to the military character of its people that princesses and women generally have never found so much favor in Prussia as princes and men; and also that domestic life is less valued here than in England; otherwise it would be unaccountable, for some of its princesses and queens have been angels of goodness. And of its women one need only relate one anecdote to show their heroism, their self-sacrifice, and their desire to share in the burdens of their country.

During the war with the great Napoleon, when boys and old men even rushed to arms; when he who could not enter the ranks gave his money; and he who had no money, gave his labor, the Prussian women were no whit behind. Perceiving that the exchequer could not hold out,

they came forward and poured in of their costly jewels to the treasury, and for these free gifts of almost inestimable value, each received a simple *iron cross*, and these same iron crosses have become the most valued heirlooms in many of the old Prussian families.

The order of the Iron Cross is now one of the most noble in Germany, yet the heroism which gave rise to it is almost forgotten, or, if remembered, regarded with indifference.

It is easy to see, therefore, that the life of our princess amongst these people would be difficult, and to find favor in their sight an almost impossible thing, unless, indeed, she could forget her own nationality and her father's house, and become in tastes, sympathy, affections, and politics a Prussian of the Prussians. This would have been no easy task for an older and more experienced person; but for a girl of our princess's age and character — her intense love of England — her great talents, her love of having her own way — it was an impossibility.

There was nothing in her reception to find fault with; indeed, her entrance into Berlin was like a joyful triumph.

All the ladies attached to her service were Germans of high degree, with one exception, and this was an English lady to act as amanuensis and English reader of correspondence; an appointment due to the thoughtful kindness of her father-in-law, the late emperor.

The principal residence of the newly married pair was to be in Berlin, in what is called the old King's Palace; a quaint building, half cottage and half palace; but not being quite ready to receive them, they had, for a short time, those apartments in the royal Schloss which had been used by the prince and the princess of Prussia, and by their daughter and son-in-law, the grand duke and duchess of Baden, during their honeymoons.

The princess had scarcely settled down among her husband's people, when they discovered that, like their former queen Louise, she would not be trammelled and kept in chains by the strict and tedious court etiquette, which obtained in Prussia to a greater extent than in any other country. She would neither subject herself to the master of ceremonies nor to the *Oberhofmeisterin*, but made it clear that, like her mother in England, she intended to hold the reins of her household in her own hands. She, with her brothers and sisters, had been taught to keep their own boxes and drawers tidy and orderly. This

she continued to do after her marriage, and when the *Oberhofmeisterin* begged her not to do this, as it was derogatory to the dignity of her new position, she answered by locking all her drawers and putting the keys in her pocket.

Our princess was great-minded, and the petty rules of etiquette fretted her, and, strange though it may seem, this built up a barrier between her and the majority of the people.

But she possessed to the full the love and passionate admiration of her husband, who has been heard frequently to say, "We will ask my wife; she knows how to do everything." Even this has been a cause of dissatisfaction among some, and these not a few, who declare that his love for his wife has made him almost English.

And thus the early months of her married life went by, made very happy by the love of her husband, and the affection which sprang up between herself and the Princess Charles (sister of the empress) and her accomplished daughter-in-law, Princess Frederick Charles (the mother of our Duchess of Connaught). This last lady and our princess were constantly together, having the same tastes and sympathies, and delighting equally in the society of clever people who frequented Princess Charles's salon, among whom Humboldt was a constant visitor. Each of these ladies had a studio in her home, where she worked assiduously, and thus it happened that the letter which went home daily to the mother, and weekly to the father, told of a bright, happy, and busy life.

Prince Albert, the good and loving father, never lost an opportunity of strengthening his child in her daily duties, and preparing her to bear with calmness anything unpleasant which should cross her path. In one of his letters he remarks:

"The public, just because it has been rapturous, may now grow minutely critical. This need cause you no uneasiness."

He begs her also to overlook her household, like a good housewife, with punctuality, method, and vigilant care, and not to forget that in the affairs of life the apportionment of time is essential. And no one can doubt, who has had the privilege of belonging to her household, that the princess carried out his wishes for her to the utmost. She managed her household herself, as any lady of ordinary rank would do, with simplicity and economy.

It came to her knowledge, soon after her marriage, that one of her housemaids went about her work, brush and dustpan in

hand, with a flounced dress, and hair dressed in the height of fashion; so she sent for the maid one morning into her own particular room, and made her a present of a brown woollen dress and a white cap, both carefully and prettily made, and told her that for the future she must wear these about her work.

This particular room of hers looked very English. She had decorated it with the busts of her parents, and the many ornaments she had brought from home, exactly as any other newly married woman would have done of whatever rank.

As the time drew near for the birth of her first child, she made all the preparations herself — made also her own choice of those who were to nurse and tend the baby, and performed a very popular act when she chose a German *Pflege Frau*.

Great was the joy when on the 27th January, 1859, Field-Marshal von Wrangel came out on the balcony of the palace and proclaimed to the crowds waiting below for news, "All is well, my children; it is as sturdy a little recruit as heart could wish to see."

The first great sorrow of her life was the loss of her father. Who can wonder at the effect upon her, seeing what he had been to her from her earliest years?

He had written one of his characteristic letters to her on her birthday a few weeks before his death, full of love and tender solicitude for her. In it he bade her "spare herself, and nurse herself, and get completely well," for she had caught cold at her father-in-law's coronation.

She and her husband had been crown prince and princess since January 2, 1861, but the coronation did not take place until October of the same year.

"May your life," writes Prince Albert, "which has begun beautifully, expand still further for the good of others and the contentment of your own mind."

As we watch her daily life, with its difficulties, its opportunities, its joys, its sorrows, for, alas! these last have neither been light nor few, it is impossible to think of her other than a woman of extraordinary talent, extensive education and richness of mind, and it seems as though the very abundance of her intellectual gifts prevents them at times from working harmoniously together.

How can she with all these powers avoid having very decided opinions of her own upon politics as well as upon other sciences? And that these opinions should occasionally be in opposition to those of her surroundings is of course to be ex-

pected. Fortunately she does not look upon politics as her own special province; and so, when she finds her opinions to be in direct opposition to the powers that be, she takes a short holiday into the country, which enables her to hold her own views and prevents the necessity of acquiescing in those of others.

She is not a *woman of the world*, properly so called; she does not care for society, but she uses her power and position in such a way that the poor, the sick, and the world of art adore her, whatever others may do.

In her salon one meets men of letters, of science and art, who are never otherwise to be seen in society. She is ever striving to improve the condition of her own sex and to devise new means and channels of female occupation. In her love of art and encouragement of literature she has always been nobly aided by her husband.

A German speaking of her says: "It is only due to the crown-princess to say that her influence and example have largely contributed to the making of the German nation." This is high praise indeed from a German.

She herself is a most excellent artist, for, notwithstanding the many pressing duties inseparable from her high position, the crown-princess has gone on steadily with her drawing and painting, not taking direct instruction, but influenced and built up, as it were, by the greatest artists of the day.

The Art Gallery, which has developed into an imposing building, owes its existence and prosperity to her efforts and influence. As long ago as 1860 the Berlin Academy elected her as member, acknowledging in this deed the value of her sympathy and work to the artist world.

A celebrated artist (A. V. Werner) had the honor of being presented to the crown prince and princess just after his return from the war of 1871, in order that he might show them his sketches of Versailles, and he describes the interview as follows:—

"While the crown princess looked over my drawings, she held her youngest daughter in her arms, who, in the mean time, played with the iron cross hanging from her father's neck.

"I was astonished at the excellent and clever remarks with which the royal lady accompanied the turning over of the leaves of my portfolio." He goes on to say: "I had formerly seen drawings of hers, and with others had expressed my

doubts as to her having really done them, but from this time I had many opportunities of seeing her actually at work, and there could be no longer a doubt."

The crown prince and princess often spent a short holiday in Italy, and in 1875 Werner happened to be in Venice at the same time that they were there. He says she might be seen constantly either in the Piazza di San Marco or on the Grand Canal, quite alone with her sketch-book.

Sometimes she went to Passini's atelier, mixing there with other students.

One day it seems the students, with the crown-princess among them, were painting in water-colors in the Court of San Gregorio, when towards the end the crown-princess posed herself in a black dress trimmed with white lace, and a Rubens hat with white feather, leaning against a basket full of onions and fennel, which they borrowed of a lad who was passing. This picture may be seen in many a student's room as a valued remembrance of the days in Venice.

This same artist says he has had many opportunities of looking through the crown-princess's sketch-book, and that he never ceased to admire the artistic eye which had caught all that was worth most in the view, and expressed it in the most correct manner.

But if we want to see her in her brightest and best character we must see her at home, and this will not be difficult, for she has refused to be walled in with etiquette, and it is quite easy to reach her; as many a sick person, many a poor artist, would testify.

Never was there a better wife and mother. From the very first she has devoted herself to her home and children, and tried to establish a loving, healthy atmosphere in the family life, and to this endeavor she has stood true, though it has brought her many bitter hours in the opposition of the court and its etiquette. Perhaps with all her determination she would have failed but for the unswerving love and support of the crown-prince, her husband.

The more children there were in the nursery the happier she seemed, and the more earnest became the task of watching and educating, and though great strictness was exercised there was no lack of love. The children's little dresses were cut out under her own eye, the food prepared according to her order, and their education and their games were equally under her direction.

The crown-prince accompanied her at

least once every day to the nurseries, and often in the early mornings both father and mother would be present while the governess gave her lessons.

These lessons began as early as six o'clock in the summer and seven in winter, and continued until the family breakfast hour, half past nine. The crown-princess thought these hours the best in the day for lessons, as they were quiet and free from interruption.

After breakfast a short time was permitted for recreation, and lessons began again, lasting until one. In Berlin the family dinner-hour was five, but in their country house it was two.

Perhaps the happiest part of her married life has been spent on her estate and farmhouse of Bornstädt, which was presented to her shortly after her arrival in Berlin by her father-in-law.

Here the whole family have lived the simplest of lives; the mother attending to her garden and dairy, the father to his prize animals, the children to their gardens, their miniature earthworks and fortifications, and their cricket-field; and all meeting together at their two o'clock dinner.

It has been said that no children have enjoyed the privilege of making others happy more frequently than those of the crown prince and princess. They have had the school-children out from Berlin in the summer months, and each member of the royal family vied with the other in making the day a pleasant one for them.

They knew all the people round about the estate, and have been the centre of happiness to them all.

The mother has known many sorrows in her married life. She lost a dear little son of eleven years old, and the grief of both parents was great indeed. The crown-princess's health broke down under it, and she was recommended to try a warmer climate for the winter; so she and the children went to Pegli on the Riviera, which she has so learnt to love and which has given her such abundance of subjects for her pen and pencil.

She has had to endure her husband's absence on the battle-field just like any other wife; and it was during this time she joined her mother-in-law, the present Empress Augusta, in providing nurses and help for the wounded soldiers.

It seems, too, that her husband has never been strong — indeed, he has often been very ill, causing her the deepest anxiety — and now, in this deep affliction, which has come upon her side by side

with the great position of empress, whose heart does not throb with sympathy?

How pathetically she herself spoke of her conflicting duties, only the other day! "I feel," she said, "that my most sacred duty is to care, as a wife, for my husband in his illness; and I am thoroughly conscious of the duties that I have to undertake as queen of Prussia and German empress, and I shall perform them to the best of my power."

Her work, hitherto and to come, is summed up by her in a few words.

"I have always," she says, "kept in view the moral and intellectual education of women, the advance of hygienic domestic arrangements, and I have endeavored to increase the prosperity of women by opening to them fields for gaining their livelihood; and I hope to attain still more in this direction with the loyal co-operation of the women of Berlin and of the whole country."

She will have a hard task before her, for the people of Germany are sore upon the point of the English doctor having been called in to minister to their beloved emperor, and have in their soreness laid it upon her shoulders.

This mistake will be cleared up when the truth is known that she had little or nothing to do with it. Her sorrow is great enough; let no man or woman in her empire add a straw's weight to it. Even as I write, she is being cheered by the receipt of baskets of lilies and violets from ladies who express the wish that she may be rewarded for her great devotion and solicitude by the speedy recovery of her husband.

Her only fault, if fault it be, since her marriage, is that she could not forget the old land and the people among whom she was born and brought up. It was told me as a serious grievance that she had even used the present of money given her on her silver wedding by the Germans to build an English church in Berlin! But the Germans are a great people and generous, and will cease to think of small matters when their empress needs their love, support, sympathy, and approbation.

E. B.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A BROTHER OF THE COMMON LIFE.

FORTY miles from the City of the Three Kings is the town of Kempen. The country around is bare and uninteresting; not

even a stone wall is to be seen, and the acres of small allotments are only divided by ditches, or occasionally broken by farmhouses sheltered by a few trees.

In the fourteenth century it was necessary to protect the town by walls and a moat, for not far from Kempen lived Count Engelbert of Mark, a fierce, brutal lord whose name long continued to be a threat to disobedient children. Great consternation prevailed in the sunny month of August, 1392, just as the vintage was begun, when news came that the count was pillaging the country around the town, and that he had already carried off two hundred cartloads of new wine and ten thousand guldens. Every man in Kempen took arms, and the strength of the defences exhausting the patience of the besiegers, the red-bearded count and his followers moved on to districts where it was easier sport to terrify the women and children, and to rob the industrious citizens and farmers of their hardly earned substance.

When peace and security were re-established, a quaint procession passed through the heavy Romanesque archway of the Church of St. Peter, and the townspeople of Kempen made the richly frescoed walls re-echo with their chant of deliverance. The hearts of the inhabitants of this little town were specially open to religious impressions, for they had been recently stirred by the vigorous words of Tauler, a Dominican monk, who had been driven from Strasburg during the interdict, for daring to assert "that as Christ died for all men, the pope had no power to close Heaven against the innocent." Whether Tauler preached at St. Gertrude's in Cologne or in the village churches crowds flocked to hear his message of good news, and his words found a ready response in the hearts of the people. He taught no creed which involved the selfish isolation of the heart within its own emotions and experiences, but incited his hearers instead to works of love, and held up before them the secret by which all human joys and duties and sorrows may be converted into fine gold and frankincense and myrrh. "One can spin," he said, "another can make shoes, and all these are gifts of the Holy Ghost. I tell you if I were not a priest I would esteem it a great gift that I was able to make shoes, and would try to make them so well as to be a pattern to all."

Among the inhabitants of Kempen, John Hammerlein, an artificer in gold and silver, listened with peculiar enthusiasm to

these herald-notes of the restoration of true religion, and placed his house in the precincts of the church at the disposal of Tauler. Gerard Groote, a priest whose name is equally famous as a leader in this movement, was also a frequent visitor at Hammerlein's house, and helped Tauler in the discussions which were eagerly sought by many enquirers.

Hammerlein's wife Gertrude and his little son Thomas were present on these occasions, and the words then spoken made so great an impression on the boy that one of his biographers said of him, "The little sparks in his tender soul were blown into a flame, which failed not to manifest itself as he grew up." Every day he learned verses from the German translation of the Bible, which Tauler and Groote inscribed on slips of parchment and lent to their followers. And he also learned and repeated to his mother the golden alphabet drawn up for the children by Tauler.

This seems to have been his sole education until he was twelve years old, when he was sent to Deventer, where his elder brother John had been at school for some years. On the rare occasions when news came to Kempen of John Hammerlein, mention was always made of his progress in learning, and also of the favor shown to him by the Brothers of the Common Life, who had established one of their first houses in the town.

This brotherhood had grown out of the association of scribes employed by Tauler and Groote in translating and copying the Bible into German. After a time Florentius, the young vicar of Deventer, proposed to Groote that he and the three clerks copying with him should put their earnings into a common fund and live together. "Live together!" exclaimed Groote, "the monks would prevent us!" "But what is to hinder us from trying?" persisted Florentius. "It may be that God will grant us success." "Well then," said Groote, "in God's name begin. I will be your advocate, and faithfully defend you." And so Florentius and his companions were established in a house on the banks of the Bollis Beek, a stream that joins the Yssel at Deventer.

With the Church distracted by divisions, the priesthood degraded by innumerable scandals, and the country tyrannized over by such marauders as Count Engelbert of Mark, it is not surprising that many persons followed this example, adopting the title of the Brothers and Sisters of the Common Life. Some of the members

continued to live with their families, but the majority withdrew into houses, living together without monastic vows. They do not seem to have renounced the control of their possessions, but merely to have thrown what was superfluous into a common stock, which they employed in building their church and house, and in defraying the missionary journeys undertaken by some of the members. Their lives were fully occupied, their hands were ever ready for works of mercy among their friends and neighbors, and their feet were swift in doing good. They taught regularly in all the schools within reach, and when the time came for young John of Kempen, Thomas's elder brother, to leave school, he had no greater ambition than to become one of the brotherhood who had guided and helped him in all his studies.

When Thomas came in sight of the massive towers of St. Lebuin's Cathedral, mitred with campaniles and looming over the rich meadows, he imagined his journey had come to an end, but on knocking at the door of the brothers' house he found to his surprise that John had gone to live at Windesheim, another house some miles distant. Still undaunted he set out again, and was at last rewarded by a loving greeting from his brother. John did not encourage him to stay, but sent him back with a letter of commendation to Florentius, the vicar of Deventer, and superior of the house by the Bollis Beek.

Day after day men and women came from far to tell their secret troubles to Florentius; to ask for his counsel and to hear his words of consolation and wisdom. It often happened that when he began to read his hours, so many people interrupted him that he was unable to finish the psalm he had begun. "Still once more for the sake of God," Florentius would say to himself, when he feared that through weariness he might cease to open to him that knocked. And "still once more for the sake of God" he opened his door to the boy, weary with his long walk back from Windesheim. Framed in the archway, he stood tall and erect in a long coarse grey garment, belted round the waist. His face was pale and emaciated, but a flash of light passed over it when he saw that this time his visitor was a child.

Florentius read the letter from Brother John, and after questioning Thomas, told him that he wished him to stay in the house of the brothers and to go to school from thence — an arrangement that con-

tinued until, showing signs of delicate health, he was placed for a time in the charge of a benevolent lady, under whose roof he could have more personal comfort than was possible in the brothers' house.

This separation from Florentius was an early stroke of discipline, for his fatherly tenderness had awakened the most sensitive emotions of Thomas's nature. It was happiness to be in his presence, and his touch thrilled the boy with love and reverence. In the chronicles of the brotherhood that Thomas wrote in later years, he mentions that the boys of the school sang the daily offices in the church, and that "as often as I saw my superior, Florentius, standing in the choir, the mere presence of so holy a man inspired me with such awe that I dared not speak when he looked up from his book. One day it happened that I was standing near him in the choir, and he turned to the book we had and sang with us. And standing close behind me, he supported himself by placing his hands upon my shoulders; and I stood quite still, scarcely daring to move, so astonished was I at the honor he had done me." Florentius soon became aware of the enthusiastic affection he had kindled in the heart of the little chorister, and a bond of no common sympathy grew close and firm between them. On one side the love of the protector, on the other the love of a grateful life.

When Thomas's school-fees were duly offered, the master Boheme asked him, "Who gave thee the money?" And on receiving the answer, "My father Florentius," Boheme replied, "Go carry back to him the money, for out of love to him I will receive nothing from thee!" This anecdote and Thomas's silence respecting his parents, leads to the supposition that they had died. For however warmly his heart may have recalled memories of home, he seems to have never returned to Kempen, and without a break his school-life melted into closer connection with the brotherhood.

At first he was employed by Florentius in special missions of charity. Then he was found to be so skilful with his pen, and so good a Latin scholar, that he became one of the translators of the Bible. Florentius secured that his clerical work should have some relief by appointing him to draw water for the house from the well in the garden. Sometimes the superior sat on the well and taught those who came and went, and reminded them of the words that have refreshed so many souls, spoken by the well of Sychar. And the

words strengthened the desire of Thomas's soul for the water of everlasting life, and in his communings of spirit he found relief in writing what he called "The Soliloquy of the Soul," in which he questions one who seemed to know much of the love of God. "Oh, holy and devout soul, hanging upon God," he exclaims, "do all things in heaven and earth seem small to thee?" And the answer came, "Yea, all things are small to me."

The work of writing and pondering over these meditations, and the events of the year 1398, combined to stir and deepen his spiritual growth. The plague broke out in the town of Deventer, and one after another the brothers in the house by the river fell ill.

Since Thomas's first arrival in Deventer, he had shared his studies and leisure hours with Arnold Schoonhoven, Gerard Zerbolt, and Lubert Berner. The boys had plodded together through the same books, and vied with each other in the fineness of their writing. They had strolled arm in arm through the avenues that flanked the broad waters of the Yssel, watching the unlading and lading of the barges, and hearing wonderful tales of the "unknown vast" that lay outside their "little known" from the sailors who plied their trade to and from the Zuyder Zee. They had fished together in the Bollis Beek, following it to its rise in the hills covered with fir-trees, while they held sweet counsel together in the borderland of the mighty secrets of heaven and earth. They had joined in the conferences held by Florentius in his large room, and had gone far and wide to gather in more disciples to sit at his feet. They had sung together in the choir of St. Lebuin's Cathedral, and listened to the sonorous voice of the celebrated preacher, Brinkerinck, when he spoke to the crowded congregation "of the passion of the Lord very affectingly, gladdening the lovers of Jesus and confounding those who deride him."

But this happy comradeship was to be broken. Lubert Berner, "the grave, sweet friend of all the brothers," was one of those struck with the plague in the month of July. Florentius tried every remedy he knew with no success, and when those engaged in nursing Lubert said to cheer him, "We shall all soon hold our conferences in Master Florentius's chamber," Thomas heard him murmur, "No, not here any more, but in Heaven with the saints."

The sounds of the sequence, *Laus tibi*

Christi, which he had asked to have sung, were still sounding in the room when Brother Amilius closed the eyes of the dead.

Quickly after this parting came another, which made a second gap in the little band of friends. Gerard Zerbolt had been sent with Amilius on a message to Windesheim, when he was taken suddenly ill and fell asleep, a sleep from which he never woke. His death was followed by that of Kettel, who had acted as cook; a brave, cheerful brother, who sang psalms as he plied his lowly tasks. Thomas was with him at his death and probably caught the plague. In his case the pestilence took a modified but more tedious form. Florentius, distrusting his own skill in treating this new development of the disease, sent for the curé of St. Almelo, whose knowledge of medicine was famous in the neighborhood. Thomas records his ministrations to both mind and body with gratitude. The long confinement tried his ardent spirit sorely. It pained him that another should take his place as acolyte, when Master Henry Brune went to celebrate the sacrament among the lepers, that another should carry pens and paper to the students or garments sent by the superior to the poor, or that another should gather the herbs and prepare the warm bath and "the little bed very clean" for the sick and suffering who came to Florentius for medicine. Discontented thoughts such as these made fierce onslaughts on him, and he wrote, "They prevail so, that they can scarce be checked and strive to overthrow all former good." Sometimes visions of hapiness in the world outside the house of the brothers came to him, and Florentius saw, through all these tossings to and fro of mind and body, that Thomas was too young to be cut off from experience of the life that he had a perfect right to choose. He saw also that it would be good for the lad, who had crept like a sunbeam into his heart, to learn to stand alone and to be exposed to the wholesome buffetings of the uncaring world.

As Thomas's convalescence progressed, Florentius fully realized the discipline the parting would be to himself. A contemporaneous biographer writes a quaint account of this crisis in the lives of Florentius and Thomas.

Upon a certain festival, the divine rites being over, Florentius having observed that his pupil Malleolus [a play upon the name of Hammerlein, by which he was sometimes called] was more cheerful than usual, called him to come into his bedroom, and addressed

him, "Oh, Thomas, my son, most dear in the Lord, the time approaches when you must determine your future career, when and what sort of person you are to be, and what kind of life you wish to follow." Then the most excellent young man Thomas was able to utter with trembling voice, "For some time past, father, I have desired this with many prayers, hoping for the opportunity you give me. Since I have a brother in Windesheim, I would that your love would cause that I may find a place among the disciples in Mount St. Agnes." "I will try," said Florentius, and the following day he gave him letters to the Principal of that community.

A Brother of the Common Life had but small preparations to make for a journey, and the parting that cost so much to Florentius and Thomas quickly followed. The mind of the younger man must have been so tintured with the instructions of his superior that the words of Thomas à Kempis on the separation of friends have a double interest.

My son, if you make your peace depend on any person because he is after your own heart, and you have lived much in his company, you will be unsettled, and without true peace; but if you rest upon the ever-living and abiding Truth, the loss or the death of a friend will not overwhelm you with grief. Friendship ought to have its foundation in Me, and whosoever appears good to you and is dear to you in this life, is to be loved for my sake. Without me friendship has no strength and will not last, nor is that love pure and true which is not knit by Me. I embrace all in my infinite love. The less dependant a man is upon earthly supports the more he will lean upon God.

Thomas's road lay past Windesheim, at which place his friend Gerard Zerbolt was buried, and, before mounting the hill of St. Agnes, he paid a visit to the Brothers of the Common Life who had a house in Zwolle. The spot where the house of St. Agnes once stood on the downs above Zwolle is still marked by low, grass-grown mounds in the shape of three sides of a square. It is a fine open spot, where nothing breaks the breezes from the Zuyder Zee, and the scene brings to the mind the words in "Sir Gallahad:"—

I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No brachy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

Some of the inhabitants of Zwolle are still buried in the little paradise, as the burial-place attached to a religious house was called, and there are stone posts used as gravestones, which have evidently served at some time as window-mullions

and doorsteps. The life to which John, who was now appointed superior, welcomed his brother Thomas, was full of work. From his delicacy of constitution he was principally occupied in the day-room writing, but he sometimes took his turn in fishing in the Vetch for the daily pittance. The sick in Zwolle were also placed under his care. After his visits to them he would refresh himself by a talk with John Cele, the celebrated schoolmaster of Zwolle, who was a link with old Deventer days, having been a frequent visitor to both Florentius and Boheme. He must have found especial comfort in his company, when the news came that their friend and teacher was dead: "On the Festival of the Annunciation, after the hour of Compline, Florentius terminated his life on earth, while the brethren were praying around him and sorrowing with great heaviness of heart."

The brothers on Mount St. Agnes had much to contend with. The monks, as Groote had predicted, looked with suspicion on them, and as reformers of the way of life they were unpopular with the majority of the townspeople of Zwolle. Their coffers also were poorly supplied, and their fare was often more than frugal. Once when there seemed to be no prospect of food for the next day, their fears were allayed by the arrival of Thomas's old friend, the curé of St. Almelo, bringing with him a gift of large stores for the house on the hill. In the mean time the great work for which they stunted themselves in sleep and food was slowly progressing, a church, in which they and the neighboring dwellers in the huts scattered over the downs could worship. This was a serious undertaking for a few men with scanty purses, laboring themselves with hod and trowel, chisel and saw. In the midst of the work, when the walls were built and most of the wood prepared for the roof, the master spirit, Prior John à Kempis, was called away to found another house at Bommel. But the brothers made a wise choice in asking William of Windesheim to succeed him, for the new prior possessed qualities which attracted many laymen to the house, and some of these guests left rich gifts behind them as a testimony of gratitude for the spiritual privileges they had experienced under its roof. These gifts were used to erect a pulpit and seats for the choir, to procure rich vestments for the clergy, and to adorn the *sacrarium* with frescoes.

The reward came at last, when the industrious brothers saw the sun rise on a

morning in Easter week, 1412, and at the hour for matins a long procession entered the new church. The prior of Windesheim was there, and the prior of Belheim, Master Conrad Henzel, John Haerleem, priest of Zwolle, and many other religious persons. The procession was closed by Matthias Buduanen, Suffragan Bishop of Utrecht, who consecrated the church, dedicating it to the martyr St. Agnes. Crowds of men and women, young and old, from the neighboring towns and villages were present at the ceremony; the event brought St. Agnes into celebrity, and before long her church became an important centre of religious life, and many people were wrought into sympathy with hopes and fears that they had hitherto passed by unheeded.

The dark valleys must have been passed through step by step by those who try to draw others out of the shadows into the light and serenity of the mountain-top, and the Brothers of the Common Life made it clear to those who came to them that they had fought through the same darkness, and that they had good grounds for the joyous and hopeful keynote that they maintained throughout their instructions. They were glad to be asked the reason of their faith, and they used to hold special short services for their numerous visitors. These services began with a hymn, then a portion of the New Testament was read in the mother tongue, followed by easy explanations, which frequently led to questions being asked by those who wished to know more. After the discussion some collects were said and another hymn sung, and the service ended by the brothers distributing slips of parchment, on which verses from the Bible were copied, or short sayings of St. Bernard. They also opened schools for the children of the poor, and in many ways won the affection of their neighbors and acquired an important influence in the country-side.

The "Counsels of St. Bernard" were much studied by the brothers, and in "The Imitation of Christ" occur passages which seem to be a reflection of St. Bernard's words; and as the monk of Cluny drew some of his thoughts from those of St. Augustine, Thomas stood as it were on the shoulders of some of the giants of the Church, and so saw better than any who had preceded him how he could touch and comfort the hearts of the human race.

The careful investigations and researches made by the Rev. S. Kettlewell during the last few years should have effectually swept away the doubts that

have been thrown on the authorship of "The Imitation," and the manuscript copy in the Royal Library at Brussels written and signed by Thomas in the same fine, clear hand-writing in which he inscribed the "Chronicles of the House of St. Agnes," is a conclusive confirmation of its authenticity.

Thomas was ordained priest in 1414, and he began to write his first missal in the same year. A portion of copying was his daily task, and his own meditations were written at odd moments, as a guard against idle thoughts and to make the most of small opportunities. His favorite time for writing was in the early morning, when lauds were ended and the brothers had returned to their beds for more sleep. When no sound broke the stillness but the quick cry of the lapwing, and the "grey sandalled morn" crept over the downs, — it was at such a time that he wrote the words, "My cell is to me a paradise." Men and women of many generations and of many countries thank God for the words written in that cell, those words of communing with Christ whom he loved above all else, and with whom he conversed as with a great and beloved friend, words that may teach others how to practise such blessed converse, and help each man in his turn to make his cell also a paradise.

The brothers could find no one better qualified to lead the minds of the young novices than Brother Thomas, and as sub-prior his pupils found that he was ready to be their friend as well as their teacher. He used to invite them to private interviews in his cell, or walk up and down with them in the pleasant garden on the brow of the hill. Sometimes in the midst of their talk he would leave them saying that some one was waiting for him in his cell. And they knew quite well that he went to take counsel with the great Master, and to be refreshed by a draught of the cooling waters of life.

The sub-prior had also many duties concerning the services of the Church, and the office included that of precentor. Thomas was an enthusiastic musician, and spared no pains to make "the singing of so many brothers in concord a sweet sound in the presence of God, and all the citizens of Heaven." In his "Manual for Young Christians" he alludes to there being an organ with many pipes in the church of St. Agnes. One of his contemporaries says of him that, "when he was singing he was always to be observed with his face looking up carried away with en-

thusiasm, with body erect, never supporting himself with a seat, or on his arms, or leaning back. Night and day he was the first to enter the sanctuary, and the last to depart." This writer also adds, that his patience was such that he had schooled his naturally quick disposition to be ready for interruptions, and that whatever annoyances came to him, he never allowed himself to be worried and ruffled by them.

Towards the end of 1425 he and his brethren had a special opportunity for practising his instruction on the virtue of patience: "He is not truly patient who is prepared to suffer only as much as seems good to himself, and only from those whom he himself chooses." For a schism arose in the diocese at the appointment of Sweder de Culenborgh to be Bishop of Utrecht, and the towns of Zwolle and Deventer refusing to accept him, they were placed under an interdict. The majority of the nobles and people rebelled against this fresh Papal tyranny. "Alas!" writes Thomas à Kempis, "on St. Lambert's day it was enjoined upon us that we must suspend our singing." This was but the prelude to the brothers being ordered to leave their house. After a short, solemn service in the church they hastily gathered their manuscripts together, and by the light of the sunset on St. Barnabas' Day walked in procession down the mount, accompanied by groups of silent, grieving neighbors. The Sisters of the Common Life received them for the first night at Hasselt, and the townspeople wept, when they saw them passing through the streets, at the cruel force that was used in turning them out of their house. The next day they sailed for Friesland, and after a stormy passage took refuge with the brothers at Lunenkerk.

Some of the brothers had left their home never to return; but Brother John, one of the best singers and a man of great muscular power, who was leader in harvest-time and had been master mason in the building of the house, feeling ill, obtained permission to return to St. Agnes to die. About the same time a messenger came to summon Thomas à Kempis to his brother John at the house of Bethuana. He hastened to him and nursed him until his death, which happened after a year's illness. After this Thomas was able to return to Mount St. Agnes, as the interdict was over, and the musical services for which the house was so celebrated were services of heartfelt thanksgiving for the reunion of the brotherhood.

Thomas was now appointed steward, but

finding that the household duties encroached too much on his time for writing, he gave up the office and returned to his old work as sub-prior. The fame of his holiness attracted many from other monasteries; people of all ranks came to St. Agnes to consult the brother who had comforted and gladdened so many, and the sick and dying sent from far to implore him to come and minister to them. He took pilgrimages to visit the dying as long as he could, but at all times he was far from strong, and as the years lengthened upon him the toil of mounting the hill after leaving Zwolle was severe. How often the sound of the tinkling bell must have cheered him as he climbed the last ascent, or the roll of music, "sung by the brethren in a lively voice," when benediction had begun, telling him that his journey was over! His body was aging, but his heart could never grow old, and his brave spirit encouraged his companions through the plague that carried off so many of the brothers and their neighbors, the inundation that destroyed their crops, and the celebrated inroad of mice that ate the ripening corn in the year 1450. This disastrous year culminated in a most severe winter, when large numbers of the poor were constantly begging at the gate of St. Agnes, and the brothers would have been unable to help them or to provide for their own necessities if it had not been for a remarkable store of fish, "spiringos," as Thomas calls them, which had been caught and laid by early in the year. It may have been during this terrible winter that he wrote: "Do not be cast down, nor despair, but resign yourself to God's will, and bear all things which come upon you to the glory of Jesus Christ; for after winter comes summer, after night, day, and after the storm, a great calm."

Of the men who have been especially influenced by Thomas à Kempis, and who in their turn have had noted influence in their own generation, one of them must have been Wessel, often called "the fore-runner of Luther." He came as a youth to live near Mount St. Agnes that he might have the counsel and instruction of Thomas, and in after years, when he was in the heat of the battle, he returned every year to visit his revered guide. Revered, and venerable also, for he had now reached his ninety-first year! Yet his memory was still clear, his eyes bright and strong. He kept the chronicles of the house until the last three or four months of his life, recording the happy departure of his old comrades until another hand wrote that,

on the Feast of St. James the Less, just after compline, "God called him forth from his abode on Mount St. Agnes to the mount of eternity."

Having learnt so much of his life we begin to see the secret of his little book, the secret that makes "The Imitation of Christ" the consolation of crown-burdened kings and of work-worn wayfarers alike, the secret that made it one of the last anchors to which a doubting soul could cling, and that led a lonely hero to choose it as his companion when he went out to meet an unknown fate in the desert.

Thomas à Kempis lived no useless hermit's life. He gave himself up to work for his brethren. The daily studies with the constant succession of novices, the preparation of his sermons, the diligent copying of the Bible in the language of the country, the frequent visits from people of all ranks, helped to enrich the experience from which he drew, and made his writings essentially those of a man used to work for and with men, and not those of a selfish mystic.

There are many short, wise sentences that one can imagine his saying to those who came and went, "Try to get rid of one fault or one bad habit every year." "Lay not thy heart open to every one. We must have love towards all, but familiarity with all is not expedient." "Flatter not the rich. Keep company with the humble and single-hearted." "We often talk to very little good purpose. We are soon led captive by vanity. Oftentimes I wish that I had held my peace when I have spoken, and that I had not been in company." "In silence and quiet the soul grows." "Evil is more readily spoken and believed than good. It is true wisdom not to believe every report, and not always to repeat what we hear, even if we do believe it." "Whatever a man finds either in himself or in others, which cannot be altered, must be borne patiently, until God ordains otherwise."

Such practical advice could only have been given by one who realized the daily difficulties of life, by one who had "toiled, suffered, and renounced;" and thus his words vibrate on the heartstrings of generation after generation like the undying echoes of responsive music.

In this little book those who are living through days when each heartbeat makes itself felt with agonizing completeness may read, "The whole life of Christ was a cross and a passion, and do you look for rest and joy? My son, I came down from heaven for your salvation, I bore your

sorrows, not by necessity, but through love, that you also might learn patience and might bear sorrows without repining." And for those who are laboring in the heat of the day is written: "My son, let not the labors which you have undertaken for my sake break your spirit. I am able to repay you beyond all measure or conception. You will not have long to labor here, wait a little while, and you will speedily see the end of your troubles. Whatever you do, do it with all your might. Write, read, watch, pray, labor diligently, bear troubles manfully. Eternal life is worth all these efforts and much greater ones. Peace will come, then there will be no day nor night, but light perpetual, brightness infinite, steadfast peace and sweet companionship with the blessed."

Can we wonder that, when every page glows with such words of wisdom and hope, the book keeps its hold on thousands of men and women in this anxious, struggling world? For here they find a man who shows them that he understands the complicated variations of life, and here they find another witness to the strange likeness that exists in all human beings however diverse their outward characteristics. Are they not all brothers and sisters of the common life? However far apart their lives may seem to spring, are they not bound at the root by the same natural forces? And are they not compelled by belief in the love that is stronger than death to acknowledge that the souls of men are more precious than their bodies, that life cannot be given solely to gratify selfish desires, and that however humbly, however imperfectly carried out, they must strive towards the highest ideal, to the imitation of Christ, and make an offering of their lives for the sake of the brethren?

From Temple Bar.

HEALTH-RESORT VIGNETTES.

It must first of all be assumed that the majority of people who go to a health-resort are not really in want of health. From the beginning to the end of their stay in the place, they never trouble the doctors. They eat heartily, very heartily, sleep for nine or ten hours every night, and spend all the time not occupied in eating and sleeping in seeking diversions of the most various kinds. They go from one health-resort to another, until they become fastidious, and then they return to

their homes, pictures of health, to live through a few tiresome weeks or months until they can find a pretext for resuming that career of luxurious vagabondage which circumstances and their own hapless vacuity of mind have thrust upon them.

The lot of these people, pleasant though it may appear, is not an engaging one. Generally, they have sufficient means to deter them from joining the crowd who fight for bread at the bar of the various professions. Stimulus to mental exertion is therefore wanting to them. Nor do they trouble their minds much about anything except their investments, and their necessary travelling arrangements. It is to them a distinct achievement if, after four or five years passed in this manner, they can say good-morning and good-night in as many different languages. They have learned where the best wines may be drunk. A vague recollection of the distinctive scenery and characteristics of half-a-dozen countries may now and then recur phantasmally to their memories. And this is almost the whole result of their travels, from an educational or even solidly æsthetic point of view.

Before sketching the two or three particular oddities of the health-resort I have in my mind's eye, I must give some idea of the place itself. It is a Levantine village — once a seaport, now deserted by all commerce. High mountains guard it from rude winds landward, and the roads between the village and the mountains rise and fall amid delightful verdure — palm-trees, aloes, fig-trees, banana groves, bushes of the purple plumbago, festooned with vines, bougainvillea, yellow jessamine, and china roses. As a landscape the view from the hotel roof (our promenade) is bewitching, whether we look at the blue sea on one side or at the grey mountains, capped with snow, on the other.

In the middle of the village of square, red-roofed houses, set with many a quaint old balcony, stands our hotel. It was the country house of the Marquis of —, until certain speculators put their heads together and bought it. Now however, it is the Mediterranean Sanatorium, etc., open to any one who likes to pay ten shillings a day for the privilege of residing in it.

The general tone of the health-resort is good. It is somewhat mixed, of course; but no one is wronged by such little incongruities as the social preference claimed by the rich tallow-chandler over the impecunious count from a neighboring town. The count looks like a nobleman, though

a poor one; and the tallow-chandler is a tallow-chandler still, though five years retired from trade. Money meets with respect from some, and noble birth from others. Thus the balance of harmony swings with fair evenness.

There is plenty of what is called "life" at the health-resort, even among a community of but seventy or eighty individuals. One day it happens that with the early cup of coffee news comes of the death of your neighbor. It is not unexpected. In such a place nothing is unexpected. And within the next four-and-twenty hours the poor fellow is buried and nearly forgotten. It was a little startling to have the men with the black coffin on their shoulders, and a bucket of lime in their hands, come into your room by mistake; yet even this gives occasion for some dry humor before the week is out. Again, it made one wince for the moment when, during the funeral service in the little whitewashed cemetery for those "outside the church" (as the Catholics pleasantly term us Protestants), full of big scarlet geranium bushes, and shaded by tall palms, a dog like a wolf-hound found its way into the midst of the tearless throng of strangers at the grave of their comrade who has gone into the strangest of all strange places, and sniffed unctuously at the ill-made coffin. But the burly tourist in knickerbockers and a pugaree soon kicked the brute away. In his energy he did more; he jerked his spectacles from his nose into the grave. And this provoked smiles. Our feelings are lightly strung in this air of exile. Even the tenderest of us, after a stay at the sanatorium of a certain number of weeks, unconsciously gets imbued with a sort of Horatian philosophy. From the funeral we return to the hotel, idle away the hours with cigars and novels until the sun sets behind the long promontory into the blue, and then, at the tedious evening dinner, discuss our late friend in calm, indifferent tones, as if he had never so much as sat at table and talked with us.

The first of the characters at the Mediterranean Sanatorium whom I propose to sketch is a man possessed of no sympathy with this funeral or its circumstances. He came to the hotel to enjoy himself, he says, and it afflicts him dolorously when he thinks that any one may die under the same roof. "I might as well be in a vault," he wails; and he has spoken rather sharply on the subject to the manager, who, poor man, has some shrewd steering to do to keep the peace at times among

his guests. This gentleman is neither old nor young. His hair is quite white, but his sinewy, spare figure and his hale red face prove that he has many years of vigorous life still left in him. I am sorry to say he has attacks of vulgarity now and then. He forgets that in English it is usual to aspirate the letter *h* when it begins a word. In Spanish it is not so; but then he does not know Spanish. As a rule, however, "Tawny," as somebody calls him, is respectable company. He has travelled over the world not a little. Many of Messrs. Cook and Son's more ambitious tours are known to him, for he has been "personally conducted" in most of his travels. He can tell you where the best hotels are to be found in Ceylon, the West Indies, up the Nile, and in Norway; and scoffs at the Geysers of Iceland as a very puny effort of the marvellous in nature. Tawny is rich, unencumbered by a family, and quite able, as he tells us, to afford to say what he thinks about things in general. But his "things in general" are really only the matters which personally concern him — the quality of his bed, the whiteness of his linen, the tea which is made specially for his breakfast, the soups, wines, and cigars of the sanatorium.

After every meal, strange to say, this odd gentleman is found in an irascible state. He leaves the table abruptly, moving his lips in a palsied way, proceeds to light a cigar, and then paces up and down the garden walks amid the orange-trees, palms and oleanders, puffing away the smoke of his irritability with the smoke of his cigar. If you accost him at such a time he will be short in his replies — never rude to you, but decidedly severe upon all the rest of the world. "Never had such a lot of rubbish set before *me* and called a dinner in all *my* life!" "Of all confounded hotels in my experience, this is the worst. They make their soup of dead cats. I'm convinced of it! Hare, indeed! And did you try the fish to-day? Now, you'd expect that living by the sea, as we do, if there was one thing not so bad as the rest in this forsaken hole, it would be the fish — wouldn't you? And see what leathery, tasteless stuff they give us! They call it by a long name, and think that's a fine sauce to it. Gad, I've no patience; it's all a swindle, and I've half a mind to take the coach home to-morrow." He has, however, been in the same state of mind twenty times before in as many days, and so he does not necessarily carry out his word. Indeed, as

soon as he has thus relieved his mind, Tawny calms down wonderfully. "A capital cigar this. Now that's one good point—the only one—about this place: the cigars. I shall take five thousand away with me when I leave in May. And did you taste that drop of Lafitte I sent you by the waiter? I should like to know what you'd have to pay for that in town, whereas here it is as good as nothing. And how pretty that touch of moonlight upon the oranges among the leaves, isn't it? It's a perfect picture, with the sea beyond, and that. I declare I don't know many places to beat this; and I've been about the world a bit, as I think I have told you." Yes, indeed he has, about ten times. But this is enough to show that his humors are as transitory as those of a tropical sky, and that, with all his grumbling, Tawny is not a bad fellow at heart. He proved this, besides, when there was talk of putting up a stone in the Protestant burying-ground over the poor man who had died in our midst. "For goodness' sake, do drop that subject," he groaned forth. "It gives me the blues. Here's ten dollars towards it, and welcome; only do have done with it." Tawny is not a man of sentiment. He acknowledges it. "Give me," he says, "enough to eat, my bathe and swim in the sea at eleven o'clock, my four or five cigars in the day, and the latest share list, and I'll give you all the dancing and screaming of those dark-faced ladies from their castles and palaces, who come here to sing and enjoy themselves. I'm born an Englishman, and I am one."

In strong contrast to this unrefined old Philistine, let me now suggest to you the visitor who arrived one day, and, to Tawny's infinite disquiet, was put into a bedroom adjacent to his. He is quite a young man, about twenty-five or six; a relation of a well-known baronet, whose name he carries. He has lived hard through every year of his life since his seventeenth, when his tastes at Eton began to broaden amazingly. The consequence is that he is under sentence of death from every medical man of distinction whom he has consulted in the vain hope of saving the fragments of life that remain to him. He appeared at the sanatorium one morning, white as a sheet, with large calm eyes, thin cheeks, and a strange air of settled indifference. The manager met him, not a little aghast; his state was so apparent to all eyes. But young "Gordon," as we will call him, soon put the manager at his ease. "Don't be fright-

ened," he said, in a low husky voice, and with a haggard smile. "I promise you I won't disgrace your building. I'm safe enough, if I take care, for six months more. But I've heard there's rare good cock-fighting in Navarero, near here, and I want to see it. You must put me up somehow." As soon as the manager heard young Gordon's name, he made no difficulty. The best vacant room in the hotel was at his service; and so he was quartered next to Tawny. "He coughs for five hours out of the ten that I'm warm in bed," laments the selfish old Hercules, "and I wager he'd cough for all the ten, if I didn't look sharp and go off early before he turns in from the billiard-room at about one or two. I'm sure I wish him a happy release from this world, and a quick one."

Poor Gordon, who is determined, as he expresses it, to make the most of every minute of life that he may yet call his own, lives without any rational self-restraint. It is pitiful to see him for the first few hours of each day, stretched on a wicker sofa, lying in the sun, panting and trying to recover the ground he has lost in the night. Anon, he staggers to the billiard-room, rings for a brandy and soda, plays a game or two, resting between the games, and then lies down with a cigar, that he may watch others handling the cues. When Sunday arrives he orders a carriage for Navarero, and pays half a dollar for the best seat in the ring, whence he may watch five miserable fowls worry to death five of their brethren. The excitement, stuffiness, and noise of these cock-fights exhaust the poor fellow so that he can hardly sit through the dinner on Sunday evening. He has no appetite, but he increases the fever within him by a constant course of stimulants.

When Gordon was first enrolled among us, to the ladies he was of course an object of the keenest sympathy. I believe any one of them would have consented to give him some of her own blood if the proposal of transfusion had been made. But Gordon naturally does not like to be compassionate. He likes nothing that reminds him of his doom. Talk to him of the Derby, the St. Leger, the Seville bull-fights, and the Navarero cock-fights as much as you please, and he will be deeply interested. In his day, he has ridden as a "gentleman rider" at more than one or two steeplechases; and he has lost plenty of money at the great races. He cannot tolerate the kindness of these ladies. "That Miss What's-her-name," he said to

me the other day, "asked me if it wouldn't be better for me to lie in the drawing-room and listen to their 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' instead of going off to Navarero! I told her, without any flourish, that I preferred cock-fighting to hymns; and I fancy it is the truth." I asked Gordon one day why he did not go seriously to work, and save what of himself he could. "My dear fellow," said he, "I've gone through it all on paper as logical as an exam-paper; and I'm dead sure I would rather vamose in my own way than in the hands of two or three hang-lipped nurses or fond relations. Between ourselves, I'd just as soon puff out in a fit of coughing among the dust of the Navarero cock-pit as anywhere else. And now let us have a game, and forget this dismal talk."

"What should you surmise about that gentleman?" said the manager of the hotel to me on the day of my arrival. He indicated by a look a man with hair whiter even than Tawny's hair, a low Byronic collar which allowed all his tanned neck to be seen, dressed in light alpaca, wearing a tie of crimson satin, a pith helmet, and carrying a green umbrella. "Is he a general on half-pay, or a retired Indian civilian?" The problem seemed resolvable by either answer. "No, sir," replied the manager, "he has made money in coals."

Now in many respects, "Coals," as we cannot but call this gentleman, is remarkable. His manners have a semblance of refinement. He is not ostentatious nor self-assuming, and he has quite the appearance of a man brought up in good society, and given to intellectual labors. In fact Coals is rather retiring than self-assertive. Like the painter, Felice Fichelli, of whom Lanzi said that he was "usually silent unless when asked a question . . . as if he were afraid of disturbing his tongue," Coals prefers to eat and drink in genteel humility, take his walks by the seashore alone, and consort with no one except nature herself. But I believe this is all due to extreme nervousness. He is still Coals at heart, whatever he may seem to the undiscerning eye. The manager of the hotel has discovered him; and the poor gentleman is aware of it. Hence I explain the furtive glances to the right and left of him when at table a new dish of strange outline appears. Is he to eat it with a knife and fork, two forks, or a spoon? Hence, too, the extreme severity of tone with which he orders this or that bottle of wine. That

the waiter may not probe him to the core, he tries to awe them into the respect that proceeds from fear.

I have talked with Coals, but never to my enlightenment. "Beautiful day, sir!" he will venture to say perhaps, when nobody else is near, and with strong coaxing he may be led to make two or three other conventional remarks. Once (he had taken champagne at his luncheon that day) he slipped the curb, and told me that he had a boy at Harrow. "The lad ought to do even better nor his father, with a start like that," he observed, with a bright eye. This was a concession both of confidence and grammar; and I fully expected to hear the old boy's narrative of his own early trials, his later struggles in controlling the market, and his speculations in Newcastle bottoms. But no. Coals was conscious that he had made a slip; and, under the plea of searching for something, he sidled away to his own room, carrying his green sunshade a trifle awry. I am sorry to have to add that I do not think Coals is as generous as the rich man ought to be. He contributed but one shilling towards the tombstone already referred to; and to make up for this sacrifice, he put nothing in the collection bag at the ensuing Sunday service.

Of course we have a representative handful of the fair sex in the hotel as well as "all sorts and conditions of men." But the ladies are not so open to observation by a man as are the men. They have their own drawing-room, and their own walks in the garden. Among them, however, there have been two or three birds of passage who have associated freely with us whenever they had excuse for so doing. One notable person was a grass-widow of forty-five or fifty. She claimed to be an expert alpine climber, and tried to woo us, one after the other, into a solitary excursion among the snow-capped mountains behind the hotel. I need scarcely say that she met with civil apologies. Tawny was at his wits' ends one day to dis sever himself from her. She met him in his post-prandial promenade, and led him up and down the walk three or four times as often as he would have gone by himself. In those two hours, as he afterwards said, she disclosed to him all her past history. It was a sad, sorrowful tale. How badly the brute of a husband had treated her! She was not divorced, oh no; Mr. Tawny must not think she had exercised even the power that was in her hands to free herself from the man's clutches. He might at any time trace her, and claim her once more

as his lawful companion. How he had beaten her! Had Mr. Tawny noticed a certain scar on her right elbow, when she sat near him at the dinner-table? Well, that was the immutable witness to one of the terrible struggles she had undergone with him. Did Mr. Tawny agree with her on the subject of divorce? Did he think that a marriage contract was so solemn an affair, that any attempt subsequently to rescind it was a wrong against Heaven and human nature? She longed for disinterested counsel; but alas, how rarely in this world of trouble was it possible to meet with a true friend!

After a time this luckless lady received the cold shoulder of her own sex in the hotel. She was too robust in her tastes for them. And she seemed to know very much more about the world and high life than all the rest of them put together. A humiliating circumstance, and therefore another apple of discord between her and her sisters! She vanished one morning by the five o'clock coach. Her bill was paid by a cheque. The manager refused the cheque when she offered it; but she protested that her ready money was insufficient for the purpose—it must be the cheque or nothing. It was in fact a choice between *two* ciphers; for the cheque was returned dishonored. "Of course!" remarked the gentlemen, over cigars and coffee. As for the ladies, their disgust was too intense for expression.

Among the other characters, I have space to mention only an interesting young couple who arrived in the middle of the season. They were a fortnight married. It was quite idyllic to see them arm-in-arm, head close to head, sauntering under the perfumed shade of the orange-trees. The young wife was a pretty modest girl of about twenty. I do not think she was altogether happy in her surroundings at the sanatorium. You see she could not at all times be with her husband, which was sad. Etiquette demanded that she should periodically retire to the drawing-room with the other ladies; and, I say it with respect, there were among these ladies two or three old persons, either widowed or unmarried, who badgered her with inquisitorial chatter in a shameful way. She was but as a pigeon to a hawk in their presence. And so I fear she was not so happy as, during her honeymoon at least, she ought to have been. For this reason the young couple did not stay long. They hired a special carriage and drove off with their belongings to a certain remote villa in the hills, where they were to

live entirely in each other, wholly free from external distraction. I think I still see the intellectual and sympathetic countenances of two of the old persons who had so worried the bride as they peered grimly through their gold-rimmed glasses at the receding vehicle which they were watching from the roof of the hotel. "I hope they will be happy," said one of the old persons. "I *hope* so, too," echoed the other. But all their meaning lay in the indescribable emphasis of their words.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

From The Spectator.

A RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION IN JAPAN.

THE *Times* has republished from the *Japan Weekly Mail* a remarkable story from Japan. It is stated that the publicists of that country are discussing the propriety of an official adoption of the Christian religion, and are in large measure in favor of the step. They do not, they say, believe in Christianity, and are even repelled by its dogmas, holding that educated men should always be guided by pure reason; but they think the adoption of the civilized creed essential to the perfection of their own civilization, and to the maintenance of a moral standard among their people. The Japanese, they say, have lost their old faiths, and it is indispensable for the safety of society and its development that they should have a new one. Without it they will never obtain that strong coherence and reliance on each other which is essential to a powerful State. Some of the reasons pleaded are of less importance than this last, which is not in the *Times'* narrative, one of those actually published being that only when Japan is Christian will its music ever improve; and we dare say most of the readers of the account set it down as a mere digest of purely academic dissertations by half-informed or over-speculative men. That, however, is not the case. We have strong reason, wholly independent of the account in the *Mail*, for believing that the persons who really govern Japan are discussing this proposal as earnestly as the publicists, and that, although there is a strong resisting party, it is still by no means impossible that Christianity may be declared by imperial decree the official religion of Japan. Some of the most influential councillors of the empire are of opinion that such a step is essential to further progress in civilization, "which

cannot be based upon a weak *morale*," and all implicitly admit that it would be possible, that the indigenous creeds are dying or dead, and that the body of the Japanese would receive the new faith with acquiescence, as something quite within the educating province of their rulers. Of the accuracy of this view we cannot at this distance pretend to judge, but we know it to be held by powerful men, and the Japanese have accepted so many, such extensive, and one would think such annoying innovations, that the view is probably correct, and though we doubt whether the struggle can end in a victory for Christianity, which would involve a repudiation of the Mikado's claim to be, as a descendant of the gods, himself semi-divine, the chance is still serious enough to deserve a moment's discussion.

The first feeling of Englishmen on hearing of such a project is one of instinctive repulsion. The last few generations have been so trained in the idea that religion is a matter for the individual conscience alone, and that anything even savoring of persecution is morally wrong, that the promulgation of a creed by a despotic government as an official measure of education strikes them with a sort of horror. There can, they think, be no good result from a step so opposed to the inner spirit of Christianity. Nobody's faith can be affected by such a proclamation, and for a whole people to profess a creed in which they do not believe must be either hypocrisy, or at the best a bit of histrionics of an objectionable, not to say a rather blasphemous sort. No man's spiritual state can be the better for any official announcement that a creed is true, unattended with an internal change in the minds of those who promulgate or obey it; and a great religious revolution which benefits no man's religious condition must be useless to any country, and may be most injurious, as interfering with the natural, and therefore beneficial, diffusion of truly religious ideas. Conversion, in short, may be stopped instead of stimulated by the apparent acquiescence of an unbelieving people.

There is much force in these objections, and, indeed, if the Japanese believed either strongly or sincerely in any creed, even agnosticism, they would be final; but this is alleged not to be the case. The assertion is that the bulk of the people of Japan, and more especially of the directing classes, have ceased to believe strongly in any creed whatever, and are precisely in that condition of mind when they will

accept one at the hands of rulers who they think know more about what is true, or at all events what is wise, than they do themselves. The Japanese have learned from the failure of their own system to doubt everything, even themselves; they have been profoundly impressed by the civilization of Europe, which they are acute enough to trace to something other than intelligence, to a difference of character not explicable by a mere theory of superior acuteness; and they may be as ready to believe that the foreigners have found the best path in life, as they are to believe that they have found the best paths towards orderly society, the accumulation of scientific knowledge, and success in war. Such a condition of mind has repeatedly appeared in history. There seems to have been no resistance whatever to the decree of Constantine establishing Christianity, though the pagans were still so numerous and so powerful that Julian was able, forty years after, to effect for a time his counter-revolution. The masses of barbarians who embraced Christianity, remaining barbarians still, must have been greatly influenced by a sense that the best Romans and their own most successful leaders were wiser than themselves, and must have accepted Christian teaching very much as they accepted Roman law and Roman culture, — as something clearly higher than anything they had. We recall no instance south of the Danube in which the acceptance of Christianity was followed either by a mutiny or by an open and deliberate return to the worship of the old gods. His authority was not in the least shaken by Vladimir's decree ordering the Russian world, then entirely pagan, to become Christian — a stupendous event, of which not half enough has ever yet been written — and according to Russians, paganism disappeared with marvellous, indeed almost miraculous rapidity, the whole people embracing and retaining the orthodox faith within a few years. Certainly the ecclesiastical organization peculiar to that faith was established throughout Russia with a speed and an entire success which preclude the idea of any serious or general popular resistance. The people must at heart have been nearly creedless, and convinced that their rulers knew best; and the Japanese may be in precisely that frame of mind, — a point upon which, of course, we can offer no opinion, and can form only this one, that a mistake about a people's faith, if there is a mistake, is a strange one for any national party to fall

into The Japanese directing classes are not foreigners, or in any way out of touch with the masses of their people. If, then, the people are ready to acquiesce in the proclamation of Christianity as an educating measure, like a proclamation in favor of Western culture, much of the objection to it disappears — we should say all of it, but for a doubt to be mentioned below — and the good to be obtained is obvious and large. In the first place, all teachers of Christianity, native and foreign, are set free. It is simply impossible to punish instruction which the State itself by law declares to be not only beneficial, but to be superior to any attainable in any other direction; and to suppose that free instruction in the Christian creed will have no good result is to doubt beyond reason the converting energy of the faith. In the second place, inquiry is provoked among masses of men, and although the Japanese are singularly indisposed to religious thought, being, as regards the masses, quietly indifferent, and as regards the educated, preoccupied with ideas of material progress, still there must be among them, as among every other people, some potentiality of religious emotion, some dread of the unknown, some curiosity as to the whence and whither, which will in time develop great native teachers of the truth. And in the third place, the official acceptance of Christianity makes Christianity the basis of legislation to a degree which Europeans, from their very habitude, have half forgotten. The fundamental laws, the edicts of governors, the administrative ways of rulers must, and almost invariably do, conform to the officially confessed creed. Christian governments may and do allow many things utterly un-Christian; but it is impossible for a Christian State to sanction acts admittedly at variance with its creed, to order a massacre, to legalize polygamy, or to set up an arena for gladiatorial shows. The laws must conform, in theory at all events, to the State religion; and when that religion is Christianity, the laws must gradually become humane. We cannot see, we confess, why the Japanese hope should be fulfilled, and their civilization become stronger for an acceptance of Christianity which, at first at all events, must be perfunctory — the civilization of Rome, for example, did not develop after Constantine — but we can see why it must become a little more humane, a little more just, a little less openly impure; and those advances are real advances, creditable to

any change in the educating system which has produced them. No State nominally Christian can be quite as bad, we think, as a State nominally pagan. Even Abyssinia is a little in advance of any purely pagan country, or at least of any country at once pagan and African, — a reservation forced upon us by some doubt as to the realities of the ancient civilization of Peru.

On the whole, we should think the open profession of Christianity by a pagan State an advance towards the light, but for one inner dread. May not a people like the Japanese, accepting Christianity in profession, but retaining not only pagan hearts but pagan minds, injure Christianity itself, develop it in some form so palpably bad as to hinder its diffusion throughout Asia? We admit that the evidence by no means justifies any intensity in that fear. It was not realized among the tribes whom Charlemagne baptized by force; and if it is objected that they were white, there is testimony both as to black and brown peoples. Three peoples have been in modern times Christianized by what we may call direct force, applied in the case of two of them with unrelenting and hideous cruelty, and while the lowest, the black population of the Southern States of the Union, has been raised out of savagery, the Mexican Indians have abandoned their bloodthirsty worship, — probably the worst, certainly the most cruel, of all pagan cults — and the Peruvian Indians are certainly no worse than they were before the Spaniards landed. None of the three have shown any disposition to develop monstrous forms of Christianity, and in none has the ideal of the faith been visibly degraded; while in all, individuals who have reached a high level of personal sanctity, have been regarded by their less spiritual fellow-men at least as ideals, counsels of perfection in the flesh. Nevertheless, while admitting the force of the evidence, we confess to a doubt whether a people like the Japanese, who are a gentler and weaker kind of Parisians, eager for knowledge, variable in mood, detached from all beliefs moral as well as religious, callous if not cruel, and exceptionally salacious, may not so discredit Christianity when they have nominally adopted it as to become a distinct minus quantity in the spiritual forces of Asia, where hitherto this antiseptic thought has always reigned, that whatever the ultimate truth, religion is and must be the highest preoccupation of man.



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